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ONCE UPON A TIME

"Once Upon A Time"

BEING THE LIFE OF
ADRIAN IGNATIUS MCCORMICK
OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

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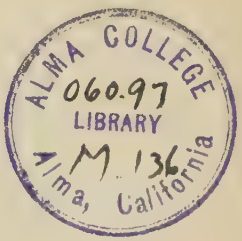

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To

MY LITTLE INDIAN FRIEND, IGNATIA, WHO
SIMPLY INSISTED THAT I WRITE THE
"STORY"

Declaration

Conformably to the decree of Pope Urban VIII, the Editor declares that in the following pages the word "Saint" is used in a purely human sense, and that he has no intention of anticipating the judgment of the Church.

IMPRIMI POTEST:

FRANCISCUS C. DILLON, S. J.,

Præpositus Provincialis Prov. Californiæ.

IMPRIMATUR:

† JOANNES J. CANTWELL, D. D.,

Episcopus Angelorum et Sancti Didaci.

Foreword

The Life of Adrian McCormick, S. J., will edify and benefit its readers. Written with charming simplicity, sincerity, and elegance by a companion Jesuit, it will come as a surprise to many. The reader will be able to enter into the sanctuary of a soul singularly gifted, privileged, and lovable. It will be refreshing in this self-seeking, God-forgetting world to find one who from his earliest years was gently and strongly drawn to God and to the things of God, one who in single-mindedness served God cheerily, consistently, and perseveringly. Young people will find pleasure, inspiration and profit in these fascinating pages. Those of mature minds will bless God for the stimulus to their own spiritual life supplied by the heroic life passed in their midst.

Knowing Adrian McCormick intimately and honored with his affectionate confidence, I can testify that the writer of these pages has drawn a true portrait of a loyal, loving son of St. Ignatius. To him it has, indeed, been a labor of love. He deserves our gratitude, the more so when we realize that these pages have been written during the past three years at moments snatched from the care of his beloved Indian charges in the Sherman Institute at Arlington, California, and not seldom from a sick bed.

God will certainly bless these pages, tinged as they are with the martyr-spirit, even though the martyrdom was one only in desire.

Richard A. Gleeson, S. J.

By Way of Introduction

IGNATIA, the little Yuma child from the Indian School, opposite, is very fond of fairy tales. Scarcely a day passes by without her strolling over to the front steps of the parish house, and begging me for a story, and—incidentally—pleading also, at least with her eyes if not her tongue, for a caramel too.

When she paid me a visit yesterday and asked for a story, since Christmas is drawing near, I told her the simple Gospel narrative of how Caesar decreed that the whole world should be enrolled; how Joseph and Mary journeyed from Nazareth up to their own city, Bethlehem; and how there, though weary and footsore, they were refused an entrance at the inn by their own people. This last pathetic incident deeply touched our friend, Ignatia. Twice she puckered up her lips in a brave effort to restrain the tears; then she abruptly left me with a hurried and distracted "Adios, padre!"

This afternoon the clouds are gathering; the air is sultry and oppressive; a storm is brewing. I have squandered nearly two hours in day-dreaming, and am awakening to the realization that it may not be after all a very wholesome habit. Like an opiate, it is very soothing—and very exacting.

This particular reverie confined itself to the events of a year ago—the dreaded epidemic that came into our midst, and a saintly little brother religious I had the privilege to nurse at the time, Father Adrian McCormick, S. J. He was such an exemplary patient, docile and cheerful withal, that naturally his heroic personality stands forth conspicuously

in the panorama of that strenuous period. He recovered from the influenza only to succumb some three months later to an attack of pneumonia, brought on by over-work and undue exposure while giving a mission at Fort Bragg, California.

And it was of this young Jesuit I was thinking, when I awoke to the fact that it was past three o'clock, and that Ignatia was but a few yards from the veranda.

I mentioned something about a storm being imminent. One look at my young Indian friend convinced me that a tempest was soon to break in her breast too. She was accompanied by two little girls, smaller than herself; or, rather, she dragged them after her, one with each hand. The swarthy head was somewhat bent, and the pointed chin resolutely set—evidently Ignatia had come with a purpose. As they neared the house, she motioned her companions to take the lower step; while she, very primly and very decorously, seated herself on the upper one. Slowly turning her big solemn eyes towards me, she questioned in a voice of suppressed emotion:

"Padre. . . .?"

"Yes, Ignatia?"

"Padre, tell us a story where someone takes in the Christ Child, and gives Him a warm welcome and keeps Him ever by the fire-side. It just breaks my heart to think of the little Babe, without any clothing, out there in that cold, damp stable."

And two large tear drops threatened to break down my little friend's control.

"Why, Ignatia," I replied, "Just a few moments ago I was thinking of a young man who received the Child and kept Him ever in his heart."

"Oh, padre! tell us all about him. He must have been a Prince!"

"Nonsense! Ignatia, please put that notion of Prince and Princess out of your mind. He was just an ordinary human being like you and me. In point of fact, he was even less conspicuous than you or I. He did not show himself to the world and to his companions as we are prone to do, but kept himself hidden from others,—he was little in his own eyes. You, Ignatia, in your rambles on a free afternoon, often come across a fragrant meadow; and you wonder where the perfume originates, comes from. You kneel down in the midst of the tall grass, and, brushing it aside with your hands, discover—violets! It was the little hidden violets that refreshed you with their perfume; and it was the little hidden virtues of this young man which delighted us with their fragrance; yet most of us blockheads, Ignatia, failed to recognize from whence the pleasant odor sprang, and we never valued him at his true worth."

"But, padre! what did this man—this Prince—receive in return for his kindness to the Child?"

"There you go again, Ignatia! I tell you he was not a Prince. This is no fairy tale—this man really existed. . . . Let me see. . . . What did he receive, you ask? Why, everything, everything!

"Desiderium animae ejus tribuisti ei!"

"Padre, I do not understand the big words. They puzzle me. . . . De . . . sid . . . er . . . ium. . . . What do you mean?"

"I mean, Ignatia, that the King took him by the hand and, opening up all the stores where His treasures were, said: 'Take all these, my son, for they are thine!' Now do you understand?"

My little friend nodded her head vigorously and her eyes danced their delight. Such words were intelligible. She

had once more recovered her peace of mind, and heaved a sigh of complete satisfaction. Finally, after a short period of silence, she began again:

"Padre, you are teasing me—he must have been a Prince."

"No, Ignatia, he was just an ordinary priest like me."

Yet the little child shook her head. My words had failed to convince her.

"Ignatia, what makes you think he was a Prince?"

"Well, you see, padre, if he were not a Prince when he shielded the King and took Him in, the King would have made him one; for only Princes and Princesses associate with Kings. And. . . ."

"Oh, I see. . . . I see. . . ."

The viewpoint of the little Indian girl suddenly smote me; and I could not help recalling the words of the King—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise!"

"Yes, Ignatia," I began once more,—"yes, on second thought, I think you are right. Only Princes and Princesses associate with the King; and if he were not a Prince when he found favor with the King, doubtlessly the King would have made him one; for I recall of Him 'raising up the needy from the dunghill, that He might place him with the Princes—the Princes of His people.' And now that you have brought up this subject, it seems to me I have read somewhere that we are gods and all sons of the Most High. I remember too that the King Himself said He would one day dispose of His kingdom, and place His friends over the several tribes, as Princes among the people. And now too, it flashes upon me that I have never yet met a friend—a real friend of the King, who was not a Prince too.

"If not by nature, at least he was a Prince in nobility of soul and loftiness of ideals. Yes, you are right, Ignatia,—this young man, McCormick, was a Prince. . . . Concedo. . . . Concedo. . . . Concedo. . . ."

"I don't understand all you say—especially those last words, padre, but I am ever so happy that he was a real, real Prince." There was a moment's pause, then the little maid resumed:

"Tell me, padre, all about this Prince!"

"Oh, but I cannot, Ignatia, it would take too long. It is nearly supper time already. Soon the bugle will sound to call you home."

"Padre, padrecito! Please, please!"

I laughed at the child's earnestness, but could not resist the soft low voice and the pleading eyes of that Yuma girl. One would need to possess a heart of adamant to resist her.

And so in the dim light of that December evening I succumbed, telling Ignatia I would write down the whole story so she might read it at her leisure. And preparing to go indoors, I bade my little friend "Adios!"

"Come!" she said to her companions, who, though deeply interested in the conversation, seemed scarcely to grasp the meaning of what had passed between myself and their chaperon—"Come, girls, we must go home." And reluctantly she crossed the lawn.

Half way to the school grounds, there was a sudden commotion. Ignatia quickly stopped, commanded her companions to wait for her, and then romped over to my porch once more. "Padre," she began, "Padre, as you write down the story, please use a large P whenever you mention his name for you know he *was* a Prince."

"All right, Ignatia; it will be as you desire, for I have

noticed that all the really nice fairy tales speak of the Prince with great consideration and respect and I will begin in the time honored way, 'Once upon a time.' ''

So because there are many grown-ups in this work-a-day world like Ignatia—men and women with kind hearts and lofty ideals, whose smile of approbation, like my little Indian friend's I value and treasure—because of these I am writing the story of the Prince—the Prince who went forth and slew a Giant, and received as a reward the everlasting friendship of the Eternal King.

Arlington, California,
December 23, 1919.

THE FIRST PART

Childhood Days

"When I was a child, I spoke as a child,
I understood as a child, I thought as a child. . . ."
1 Cor. xiii. 11.

CHAPTER I

Early Memories

FEW CITIES in the Middle West possess scenery of greater natural beauty than that which greets the traveler in and about the Capital of Iowa. The junction of the rivers, Raccoon and Des Moines, near the heart of the city gives her topography an individuality alike attractive and unique. In Spring especially it is a laughing place, full of greenery and running water.

Within the "Fork," the city, a veritable bee-hive of activity and subdued noises; while unravelling from this centre, like gigantic threads of gray yarn, the paved highways, flanked on either side with native oaks, elms and hickories so dense that it is with difficulty you glimpse the comfortable houses and modern bungalows they screen.

On the south and east, her limits are marked by wooded slopes through which the silver stream of the united rivers wends its way to the sea. Then across the river valley to the horizon's edge, green pastures and rounded hill-summits dotted with browsing cattle—there you have Des Moines and the surrounding country—the world, in fact, as it unfolded itself before the eyes of the child Adrian.

A favorite topic with orators of the present day is the influence we mortals wield on one another. The stronger character impresses itself upon the weaker much as the seal upon the soft wax. But who will speak to us of the influence of nature on man—of the stupendous power she exercises in coming to the moral aid of her children! For when we turn

back the clock of time and walk once more the familiar paths and shady lanes of childhood, the conviction is borne in upon us that not alone our home environment but our natural surroundings as well, stimulated that spiritual and moral growth we attained in the after years. Silently and unconsciously the little rose bud, the joy of an hour, spoke to us of the transitoriness of all things temporal: while the old oak that grew by the front gate, and withstood the Summer storms so steadfastly yet so yieldingly—did it not convey a lesson also to our hearts—the lesson of submitting courageously yet resignedly to the storms sent us by an all-wise, all-loving Providence?

What part then did the broad valley, the silver river, the busy town of Des Moines play in the life of him whose deeds we chronicle? Did the pastoral scene his eyes often rested upon, when, as a child, he looked out in the evening on the world from Capitol Hill,—did this picture haunt his memory in the after years, reminding him of other sheep and another Shepherd, "who unto still waters leadeth him?"

We like to fancy it thus—to think that the hills, and the valleys, and the meandering river's message reached his recipient soul. For, when all has been said and done, it ever remains true that man lives not by bread alone but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God; and God's word comes to us not only through revelation but through nature as well. What a charming fact and one worthy of note that the friends of God were besides ardent lovers of His handiwork, the world in which they lived. "In the beginning it was not so," might aptly be applied to our present mode of life. We dwarf our souls even more than our bodies by shutting out the beneficent influence of nature. It is in the broad, open spaces we lose our shackles and are able to soar to our true resting

place above. For man was not made for the desk or workshop, but to greet the rising sun on the way to his daily task, to salute the birds and the flowers and the sea (if he be near it); and to return home at evening with a thankful, albeit a tired heart.

A frame is needed for a painting, one that will harmonize and accentuate the hidden beauties of the masterpiece. What more becoming background, what more fitting frame for the portrait of a Jesuit than the old town of Des Moines! Fitted by nature. A place whose pastoral surroundings, almost unconsciously, elevate the soul to God, a place where men's lives may glide on smoothly and quietly "like rivers that water the woodlands o'er, darkened by shadows of earth yet reflecting an image of heaven." Spiritually also a suitable birthplace for a son of the soldier-saint of Loyola. For the earliest traditions of Des Moines are inseparably linked with the name of one of the heroic followers of St. Ignatius, the glorious adventurer, Marquette. And how meet it was that the Frenchman's burning prayer, as he glided down that self-same River long before it had received its present name, should find its fulfillment in after years in the vocation of one who in desire, if not in actual deed, imitated his zeal for pioneer work and love for those abandoned souls beyond the pale of civilization!

CHAPTER II

A Cradle of Sanctity

IT WAS in the town then of Des Moines that Adrian Ignatius McCormick was born on the 7th of November, 1883. From the story of his life it needs no flight of fancy to picture the joy of heaven when the waters of baptism flowed over this predestined soul five days later, for, after thirty-six years of a holy life, angel hands will lay his lily soul to rest, its purity unspotted save by the crimson drops of its "Martyrdom of Love."

His parents were pious, God-fearing souls of Irish birth whose ancestors had on more than one occasion wielded a valiant sword in defense of Christianity in the Crusades for the Holy land. Hence the crescent on the ensign of their house encircling the great white Host, the symbol of their love of the Hidden God. Often indeed, the designs of heraldry seem meaningless so far have the descendants strayed from the noble ideals of their forefathers, but in this case it is of particular interest that the motto of his house "Sine Timore" and the virtues of his ancestors were the characteristics of Father Adrian's life. To serve the Heart of his Eucharistic King and to die for love of Him was from early years the longing of his soul.

When eleven months old, Adrian was attacked by meningitis in its most malignant form. One physician after another gave up the case as hopeless, but unceasing prayers were offered that this precious life be spared and—they were heard. Those familiar with this malady know that in cases where

death is averted, it almost always leaves its mark upon its victims. Often it is the mind that becomes seriously impaired; but in the work of the Divine Physician there was no imperfection,—the child's intellect remained bright and keen beyond his years. A friend who witnessed this marvelous recovery said: "This child has been saved for some great vocation and time will reveal it."

In point of fact, from this date we notice that wonderful mental development that made him a boy before his time. And the pity of it was that his physical growth did not keep apace with his mental. His clear, active mind outstripped the temple of clay that housed it; and never after did the body recover the ground it had lost. Adrian always remained frail and delicate in health, though his mental vigor and boundless activities would deceive one as to his physical endurance. I well remember how earnestly he pleaded, time over time, to be allowed to sit up at night and care for his brothers during the influenza epidemic. He even went so far as to have others intercede for him, but we who knew his physical limitations thought it best to accept the wish for the deed; and so he went away, a rather disappointed martyr of charity.

This frailty rather added than detracted from the charm of his person. He took the bitter pill of delicate health so bravely yet so cheerfully that one could not help but perceive that it added to the magnetism he possessed. Men, in other walks of life, have been given the Victoria Cross for less valor than he displayed; he received the increaesd affection and sympathy of those with whom he came in contact.

Unlike St. Aloysius whom he was to imitate so faithfully in later life and many others who, from their cradle, radiated only sweetness and gentleness, Adrian gave early indications of an indomitable will and a quick temper. He could not

reason but he seemed to have the one idea in his baby head that everyone and everything should obey him.

About this time, Mulvaney, the artist, famous for the painting of "Custer's Last Charge," made a portrait of Adrian. It is not only a perfect likeness but a revelation of the soul and character of the child. He is a lad, as his mother loved to dress him, in Our Lady's colors; a white dress tied with a wide blue sash. He is seated on a rock beneath a cluster of trees. His head, crowned by ringlets of auburn hair, is raised and slightly thrown back with that martial air so marked in him at this period. His complexion is fair, his cheeks rosy in the bloom of youth and health; the curls are brushed back revealing a broad forehead, and though there is an air of sweetness about the face, his firmly set lips give no indication of that genial smile so characteristic of later years. His bright blue eyes look out upon some point in the distance, and in them one readily catches a glimpse of the dauntless, candid soul within.

From the time he had the use of speech, he gave orders with the air of a commander-in-chief. And, if this failed, he pleaded with the gestures and tone of an orator. Visitors used to say of him that he would be an archbishop or an actor. It was almost impossible to subdue him, and though he had never been petted, he feared no punishment. Only the love of Christ was able to storm that fortress and bring to terms the valiant soul within.

Beside the fact of his repeating the little prayers he had been taught with great earnestness, as any child of his disposition might do, there is no unusual manifestation of his piety until, when about three years of age, he hears for the first time the story of the Crucifixion. It was no doubt in virtue of a special light from God that with an understanding beyond

his years Adrian seemed to grasp much of its meaning. His baby heart swelled up in love and pity for Him Who had suffered for us. He cried and became quite hysterical. It was only after long hours of soothing words and caresses that the lad's emotions quieted down and he fell into a tranquil sleep. This impression never left him but became deeper and stronger as the years rolled by. Doubtless this grace of realizing in some degree the meaning of the Crucifixion had some distant connection with his desire for martyrdom for he was often found in one of the rooms of his home gazing at a large picture of the Ecce Homo, and He Who so loves the little ones was assuredly speaking even then to the soul of this innocent child; for again and again in later boyhood he would say to his mother: "I want to shed every drop of my blood for Jesus, He shed His for me."

One day his mother came upon the little fellow as he was lying on the floor and sobbing piteously. Asked the reason for the tears, the child replied: "The lions and tigers are getting so scarce, there will be none left to eat me and I cannot be a martyr."

His only sister Rose, the constant companion of those childhood days and his sole confidant, has given me many a charming glimpse of what took place in those by-gone years. The most prominent characteristic appears to be the child's love for his crucified Lord.

His mother recalls that when a very little child he made processions on Good Friday. At a little distance from the house, on a low hill, he put three crosses on the ground. The procession started from the house down the sidewalk. Adrian went first carrying a cross and singing, then came his baby sister, and, last of all, the big Newfoundland dog, who knew by Adrian's grave deportment and admonitions that this was

no ordinary play and that he, too, had to keep in line. When the procession reached the hill, Adrian pretended that he was preaching. There was no question of laughing or talking during the period of the sermon, and that wise dog knew that he should not bark nor play. What impressed one in Adrian's religious demonstrations was the gravity and solemnity with which he carried them out. They were a thing apart from his other plays, and he seemed to understand something of the sacredness of what he was imitating. The passerby would stop to look at the strange procession, but the lad was too absorbed in what he was doing to heed them, and too young to be self conscious, while human respect had no place in his character.

"Before Adrian had a real altar," writes his sister, Rose, "He was accustomed to make a temporary one, and, when he wished to use it, he never placed it in the ordinary play room but in the most secluded spot he could find in the house, generally upstairs, in a rear bed-room which was little used. The chalice was a silver spoonholder, fashioned in the shape of a goblet, with a long stem and deep cup which was gold plated inside, and did in reality, resemble a chalice. He told me that it was holy and that I must never touch it. He said: 'You are only a girl and you cannot be a priest, but I'll let you be the server and ring the bell and carry the Bible.'

"He was so solemn about it all and so severe about the manner of serving that I had great difficulty in keeping my position. One day, after he had gone from the room, I did not heed his admonitions but reached up to the altar and took his chalice and tried to drink out of it. Punishment followed quickly; for the chalice was filled with vinegar and water, and I, being but a baby, did not know better and drank it."

A lad of his tender years drinking vinegar and water! Even then his youthful heart was thirsting after the un-

pleasant things of life, yearning to follow in the wake of the Master and drink His "chalice of suffering."

Adrian was an extremely active child always inventing new forms of amusement. One of his favorite pastimes was to assemble his neighboring companions, and, like a little apostle, preach to them of their home beyond the stars. In those days, though, his conversions were wrought by force rather than persuasion. He appears bent upon acting up at all costs to the motto of his house "Sine Timore." Having discovered one day that a playmate who was older and stronger than himself had neglected to say his morning prayers, he forced him to kneel down in the mud and say them then and there.

A similar fate befell another youngster who denied the existence of God. The incident occurred while the family were taking their vacation at a summer resort. At the hotel where they were stopping was a lady who considered herself an atheist. She had often mentioned to her child—a lad of six years that there was no God. This little fellow and Adrian soon became fast friends. One day, while playing on the grounds, the boy stopped, and, pointing towards the heavens, said:

"That is not heaven up there and there is no God."

Adrian's eyes flashed fire and he quickly replied: "Yes, that is heaven and there is a God; and if you say that again I'll strike you."

The boy repeated: "There is no God; my mother told me so and she knows."

The threatened blow quickly followed. The young atheist, holding a badly bruised and bleeding nose, ran with the victor, towards the hotel seeking sympathy and consolation from his mother.

Their arrival interrupted a discussion between the mother and several ministers in which the former had apparently suffered defeat.

The mother asked the cause of the boy's tears and he replied: "Adrian struck me because I said there is no God, and you, mother, told me so."

Much confused she took her wailing child to her room to efface the marks of the encounter, while the ministers congratulated the four year old "Defender of the Faith."

Adrian appears to have captivated the summer colony that year. His winning manners and his utter lack of human respect charmed and edified all those with whom he came in contact. He would gravely enter the dining room, and, stopping before the chair assigned him, make an elaborate Sign of the Cross, saying at the same time in an audible voice: "God bless Adrian, and make him a good boy." Time and again his nurse whispered a hurried "hush," but the child apparently saw no necessity for hiding his belief, and would repeat the self-same prayer at the next meal. His comportment during such moments was always edifying. His little hands were joined rigidly together, the eyes down, and the countenance so full of reverence, that many a man and woman who had begun the repast without thought of their Creator were unconsciously drawn to think of God and thank Him for the innumerable gifts they had received from His hands.

The lad's prayer too was indeed heard, for God *did* bless him and made him a good boy. When the period of vacation was over, the family were surprised at the large delegation of tourists who walked down to the station to bid them goodbye. The Protestant ministers, who were greatly amused at the way Adrian had answered the objection of his young atheistic companion, were on hand to see their "champion" off; and many

others into whose heart he had worked his way were there too, waving adieu to him who had not only amused but edified them. It was Adrian's first apostolic conquest. Naturally he was glad; his childish heart welled up at the thought of other fields of labor and other victories, as the train carried him back to his home town once more.

CHAPTER III

"And the Child grew, and waxed strong, full of wisdom; and the grace of God was in him." Luke II. 41.

THE THREE were inseparable, the faithful Newfoundland dog, the baby sister and the active aggressive child; and many a passer-by glanced a second time at the trio as they sported on the front lawn of their home. What most impressed the spectator was the whole-hearted way Adrian gave himself up to the games of childhood. He played as if it were his sole work on earth. This characteristic became stronger and more marked as the years glided by. It colored all his work. He could concentrate all his energies on a given task, and possessed in addition a silent, bull-dog tenacity which ultimately spelt success in whatever undertaking he chose to embark. When such a soul then turns to God and determines upon a life of close union with Him, it is not hard to predict the issue. To concentrate your forces quickly, to strike with determination against a weak point, to continue to strike even after you have exhausted what you consider the last ounce of your strength — such powers would mark one as a great tactician here on earth. They are no less necessary in the spiritual combat. Ignatius of Loyola is revered as a saint today because, in subduing his soul to God, he followed the same plan of attack that won for him an imperishable name in the annals of military maneuvers. Concentration, determination—the common element that links the lives of the saints, for the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away.

At the time then of which we write, the amusements, common to children of his age, served to occupy young McCormick's attention and to develop those latent energies he afterwards used so generously in the service of his Maker. Though not forbidden the company of other children, the two lived for the most part by themselves. They walked in a world alone, a dream world, a world of toys, of make-believe, and still a world of realities, a world where God and the things of the soul held a prominent part. For, separated from outside influences and enjoying the environment of a healthy happy home, the children were naturally more protected from spiritual dangers than others who find their happiness away from the parental roof. Then, too, though kindness and affection predominated in the McCormick home, a sense of personal responsibility for their actions was instilled into the hearts of Adrian and his little sister which bore abundant fruit in the years that followed. Not alone their minds and hands were trained, but, above all else, there was training of the will, without which character is worthless, and individual and social greatness impossible.

The old Spartans were disciplinarians. Their children were born and reared in an atmosphere of moral firmness. He was a Spartan father who, when his little son affirmed, "I want to, and therefore I will," replied, "You want to, and therefore you shall not." There was stern repression of lawless desire; not a piece of parental tyranny, but a lesson in restraint, a step in the progress of a soul that finally comes to do what is commanded, and to command itself to do the right. Such was the training, aided and fostered and tempered by religious motives, which was given Adrian in those early years. It was his greatest asset, for the best endowment that home can confer upon a youth about to enter the lists is "a will so

trained that when a thing is right it will require no courage to do it; and when a thing is wrong, it will have no power to tempt the soul from firm resolve."

Adrian never considered this period of his life as a time of discipline but rather as one of direction. We mentioned before that he possessed as a child a violent temper. When he got angry with his toys, his eyes flashed fire and he smashed them to splinters. Well, as his soul began to have some idea of God, he loved Him passionately; and for love of Him he made generous efforts to conquer this fault. He was like the athlete Saint Paul pictures for us who threw aside everything that might hinder him in the race. That he succeeded thoroughly in vanquishing self may be judged from a remark passed in his third year of probation—"Not even Adrian's worst enemy could accuse him of being prone to anger." Religion tempered all the trials he met with in conquering this passion and even at this period we find him acting from a supernatural motive under rather trying circumstances.

When Adrian was about four years of age, the family home was destroyed by fire. It was the eve of the Feast of the Assumption. The household, aroused at midnight and finding the home in flames, were obliged to seek safety by a hasty flight. Adrian and his little sister were left for a moment at the head of the stairs in their night robes while their mother went to the bed-room to procure wraps to shield them from the night air. Alarmed at not finding them on returning, she searched in vain in the passage and then, doubtless led by some secret inspiration, she looked into the oratory, and found that Adrian had led his little sister to the shrine of our Blessed Mother, and, amid smoke and heat, the crash of burning glass, the calls of the firemen and the noise of engines, he was calmly and confidently looking up into our Lady's face and saying

aloud the prayers his mother had taught him. All through life he had a great veneration for that statue, and more than thirty years later, during the last May of his sojourn on earth, he begged that special prayers be said for him before that shrine, or, to use his own words, "Before that marvelous image of our Lady."

This incident of the fire appears to have greatly increased his love for our heavenly Queen. Even at this early age God seems to have opened to this favored soul the pure way along which one so rapidly advances to sanctity. "Mary is the perfect, the immaculate way. It is by her that Jesus Christ came, and it is by her that we must go to Him." (Bl. G. de Monfor.) Often during the day he would steal into the oratory, and kneeling before our Lady's shrine present his simple petitions to Mary, Help of Christians. On one occasion, when his mother was kneeling beside him, he glanced up at her and whispered, as he pointed to the image of Mary: "Is She alive?"

And the mother replied: "Why do you ask?"

"Because," answered Adrian, "when I am naughty she does not smile at me, but when I am good she does smile at me."

When Adrian first began to be interested in books, he was often seen lying on the floor with Butler's *Lives of the Saints* spread out before him, and the page turned down at the account of St. Francis Xavier's death. It was thought that this was the means used by God to make known His Will to this young soul. For, from that time, his resolution never changed. He would be a missionary in China and, please God, give his life in defense of the Faith. It was also the beginning of a lifelong devotion to St. Francis Xavier. In later years he said: "I long to work for souls in China, that country towards

which St. Francis Xavier's dying gaze was turned." And how singular that he, too, should die like Xavier on the eve of his departure for China.

The thought of martyrdom always made a strong appeal to him, and continued to influence his actions in the after years. About this time, he was accosted one day by a priest who inquired what his name might be.

"Adrian," replied the lad.

"That is a beautiful name, my boy. It is my name too. You and I are called after a great pope and that is surely an honor."

The priest, who did not know that almost at the dawning of reason God had instilled into the child's heart a longing for martyrdom, was surprised at the emphatic reply: "No, mamma said that I was named after the martyr, Adrian."

The priest, to tease the boy continued: "But you must know that to be a pope is the highest dignity on earth."

And Adrian replied: "But I would rather be a martyr."

That night, when mother was putting Adrian to bed, she saw that his little mind was busily at work. Suddenly he looked up at her and questioned: "Mamma, isn't it greater to be a martyr than a pope?" Even in play this thought of martyrdom haunted the lad. After hearing tales of the Christians devoured by lions in the arena at Rome, he trained his big Newfoundland dog to jump at his throat and appear to tear him to pieces.

This tableau generally took place in the basement of his home, and so eloquent was the Profession of Faith of the would-be martyr and so heartfelt the expression of his desire to die for Christ that the scene became too much of a reality for his mother. She could scarcely bear to witness it, and would chain up the faithful lion and put the little soldier of

Christ safe in bed where he might dream of the long-looked-for day when he would be privileged to prove his love for the Master by the shedding of his blood.

Slumber on, brave young warrior! Slumber on! Rest content, for now your highest ambition has been fulfilled. Never, in your wildest imaginings, could you conceive the supreme happiness that follows on victory such as yours. We are judged here below by what we actually accomplish; but in the land beyond the stars it is altogether different. There, it is not so much the deed as the intensity of the motive behind the deed that makes it precious in the sight of God.

"It is not the weight of jewel or plate,
Or the fondle of silk and fur.
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich,
As the gifts of the wise ones were,
And we are not told whose gift was gold,
And whose was the gift of myrrh."

And in the light of that criterion Adrian wears the robe of red he coveted so ardently.

"Thou art what thou didst long to be,
Thy fondest dream, thy childhood's boast,
Another Adrian bears the palm,
A martyr 'mid that martyr host!"

CHAPTER IV

"Consider the lilies how they grow."
Luke XII. 27.

THERE is no flower more beautiful or more symbolical than the white pond lily. In early summer it blossoms on the edge of many a lake and forms a sort of lacework, like an exquisite fringe on a costly robe. The handicraft of nature has produced nothing which fills the air with sweeter perfume and nothing which teaches a more important lesson. It is a silent advocate of purity, and as we look on its fair petals, which impart a still more delicious odor as they begin to droop and wither, it appeals to us with an almost irresistible eloquence.

It is firmly rooted in the slime and mud at the bottom of the pond, but it rises above its origin like a white robed angel, and is so superior to its environment that we wonder concerning the magic with which it appears to be endowed. If you were to look at the seed and were to examine its offensive surroundings you would declare that such a product from such a habitation would be as unexpected as it would be impossible. But by a secret chemistry beyond the reach of our understanding it extracts from the discouraging mud a very miracle of beauty and furnishes us with an object lesson that has to do with the spiritual nature of man. It proves that the elements of an unspeakable aroma are to be found in the most unpromising conditions, and that the effect may be greater than the apparent cause if circumstances are handled by the all conquering energy which

God has implanted in the seed. It has a distinct and lofty purpose in view, uses whatever will aid it in the accomplishment of that purpose and sternly and unerringly rejects all else. What will help to make a lily it takes from the great laboratory, and what would mar a lily it refuses to absorb. It has a destiny to achieve and, though the looker-on would declare that with such materials it is powerless, yet it steadily toils from day to day with a sublime faith in itself, until the perfect blossom floats on the surface of the water, greets the sunshine and proclaims a victory.

What the lily does under the blind conduct of natural forces we can do under the direction of a pure and simple religion. The lily tells us how to reach the highest success and shows us that it can be done by itself doing it.

Instead of deploring our surroundings and assuring ourselves that our failure comes from lack of opportunity, if we were to make the best of what we have and bend our forces to changing evil into good we should make such spiritual progress that the very angels would lend a helping hand, and God's smile of approval would give us the peace that passeth understanding. The lily, according to our logic, might very reasonably say that since it is embedded in mud we have no right to expect anything beyond a noxious weed. We reason in that way concerning ourselves and so excuse our shortcomings, forgive ourselves for our paltry deeds and more than half believe that God will be equally merciful. But the lily pursues a different course with an entirely different result. The lily spirit is in the seed and the environment counts for nothing. The very slime is compelled to contribute to its holy and divine ambition. It disdains the mean and base, or rather extracts from the mean and base whatever will add to its growth and furnish its perfume. In like manner were we so

minded, and if we made use of the knowledge which God is ever ready to impart, we might use the most untoward experiences in the formation of a noble character. There is no temptation, no rugged portion of our upward climb, no sorrow that, like a threatening storm, breaks over our heads, no struggle that taxes our endurance to the utmost, which cannot be made to add energy to the soul. We must create greatness and goodness out of what we have, not out of what we wish we had. There is no life so lowly that it cannot be grand, and there is no condition which will not bring you nearer to heaven, if you master it instead of allowing it to master you. The heart makes the life, not the life the heart. If you are embittered by your hard experiences it is because you are looking through the wrong pair of eyes.

An embittered lily, because it grows in the slime! No fragrance, because its root is embedded in the mud! A despairing soul, because life is hard, or because, you cannot have what you want or think you deserve, or what you envy in others! That is not religion; it is infidelity. That indicates a distrust of yourself, and, worse still, a distrust of God, since He has seen fit to surround you with hardships. You are able to do His will, and that will ought to be your will. No matter where you are or what you are, or by what circumstances you are environed, you are God's child, the angels are your friends, and, by and by, when you look back from the other shore, you will see that the heavy hand was the wise and kindly hand.

In pondering over this portion of young McCormick's career, I must confess a decided preference for the virgin lily as the only symbol that fully expresses the stainlessness of his life. The family had moved from Des Moines to Seattle, the rapidly growing metropolis of the Northwest: and the lad,

surrounded by the best of influences at home, was nevertheless daily exposed to the many moral dangers that lurk, like the soot and smoke, about most large industrial centers. Yet he led a charmed life. Like the lily, he appeared immune from all devastating forces and, by a subtle alchemy, was able to transmute these temptations into material for the upbuilding of his virgin life. The "subtle alchemy" was his strong, simple Faith—and his watchfulness.

Faith! His was the kind that moves mountains. At the time of which we write, Adrian attended the parochial school conducted by the Dominican Sisters in the Sacred Heart Parish of the Redemptorist Fathers, Sixth Avenue and Bell Street. It was customary on Friday at the Catechism class to read to the children the gospel for the following Sunday, and to explain the same to the little ones in a manner adapted to their comprehension. On a certain Friday the gospel read was that of St. Peter walking on the water to meet Jesus. The topic of the instruction was faith and St. Peter's faith. In those days the "Queen City" of Seattle had very few paved streets even in the very best residential sections; therefore the road from the school to Adrian's home offered the boy a splendid opportunity to test his faith. Well, says the narrator of this little incident, can she see, after more than thirty years, Adrian, as he looked on that particular Friday, dressed in a black velvet Fauntleroy suit, starting home full of animation. He came to a large pool of water and stood gazing at it for a moment. He said the thought came to his mind, "If I have faith like St. Peter, I can walk across that water." He made a brave start, but before he was half way across he lay at the bottom of the mud pool. What a sight he was when he emerged! On returning home he was chided for soiling his clothes; but the Prioress of the Dominicans,

when she heard the incident, remonstrated with his mother. "How could you reprimand a child with Faith like that?" she asked: and added that the episode had remained in her mind all these years as an example of child-like trust in God, and what impressed her most was that Adrian did not blame God for allowing him to fall into the pond in spite of his prayer but said:

"I fell in because my Faith was not strong enough." The same religious adds that even at the age of seven he told her again and again, "Someday I will be a martyr in China." Another incident that reveals his strong faith and abiding trust in God occurred when a severe storm overtook the steamer they were in while crossing the straits. As the waves rolled about the ship, tossing it like a piece of cork, hither and thither, his mother became quite alarmed. She endeavored to find some means of safety for her boy. The child though fully cognizant of his danger, was unperturbed. Taking his mother's hand in his he calmly said: "Mother, why are you afraid? Christ walks on the waters even as in the days of old. With Him beside us, why should we fear?"

The lad too, was ever on the watch for anything that would even remotely endanger the purity of his soul. He assiduously avoided all questionable companions and appeared able to detect danger from afar. Like the G string of an old Strad he was perfectly attuned and responded to the slightest touch of the Master's Hand.

About this time he received an added spur towards shunning the occasions of sin, (if spur he ever needed), when told that in five weeks time—in the glorious month of June—he would be allowed to make his first Holy Communion. It is a beautiful custom to set aside June, the blood-red month, the

month of roses, the month of the Sacred Heart, as the time for innocent hearts to receive for the first time their Lord and King. Adrian prepared for the great day with his accustomed earnestness and fervor. He had made his confession on many occasions before this, but as the time for receiving the Divine Guest approached, he "searched Jerusalem with lamps," in his efforts to eliminate the least shadow of sin and adorn his soul for the coming of the heavenly Bridegroom. One of Adrian's first teachers, Sr. M. Aloysius, O. S. D., tells how Adrian came to her a few moments after he had left the confessional, and whispered that he must go back again.

She replied: "No, Adrian, you do not need to go back: you prepared well for your confession, and there is no need to return so soon."

"But, I forgot to tell Father something," Adrian replied.

"Even so," continued Sister, "there is no necessity for you to go back."

"Yes, I must," insisted Adrian.

"What is it you forgot?" questioned Sister.

"I did not tell Father," said Adrian very sorrowfully, "I did not tell him that I sometimes forgot to give my first thoughts to God." For in the eyes of the child this was a serious offence and he refused to be comforted until he had returned and told it in the confessional.

At last the long-looked-for day arrived. Adrian arose at dawn, and hastened to the church to serve the early Masses which preceded the one at which the children were to communicate.

"Through the lapse of years," writes an eyewitness, "through the lapse of years the scene lives in the memory of those who were present. Never has a more beautiful sight been seen than, when after the sacred moment of Communion,

Adrian's innocent holy face turned from that altar. I can see him now, so rapt in God, more angel than child, and the loveliness of that scene can never fade from my mind!''

Let us turn reverently away, and not attempt to unveil the mystery of that first meeting between the Heart of Jesus and its child-lover. It is too sacred a tryst for human eyes to witness; yet this we know that, in a letter written to the Provincial, the Reverend Richard A. Gleeson, at the time of ordination asking permission to go on the foreign missions, Adrian states: ''There is nothing ephemeral about this desire of mine; for on the day of my first Holy Communion I asked of God the grace to be a missionary and a martyr, and I have chosen China as the place best suited for obtaining the crown I earnestly long for.''

''Many waters cannot quench charity, neither can the floods drown it: if a man should give all the substance of his house for love, he shall despise it as nothing.'' In all probability the boy had never heard these words, but he had experienced already the truth of them; for love—love unto death—had been promised in that first Eucharistic embrace, and many waters could not quench it, neither could the floods drown it. Irrevocably he took his stand and, with the apostle of the Gentiles, demanded: ''Who shall separate me from the love of Jesus Christ?'' And to show that he was in earnest, he set to work systematically to root out his faults and imperfections, especially his proneness to anger. The Sacred Heart was to him a real, living Friend, a Companion, a Consoler. To Him he took all his childhood troubles, nor did the intimacy with which he was accustomed to speak and act towards the Master detract in any way from the reverence due the Real Presence. Those who saw this fervent acolyte in the sanctuary would ask his name, and when questioned as to the reason of

their inquiry, would reply: "Because he is so holy!" They would even endeavor to be present at the Masses he served, for the singular grace and discernment which he had for his Eucharistic Lord showed in his countenance and in his manner of serving Mass.

In those days—and, in fact, all through life, Adrian possessed a clear sweet voice. It went with his face and the general fashion of him as aptly as the music of old songs goes with the words. Naturally he was placed in the children's choir. But the lad seemed out of place and vaguely discontented. Those from the highlands, we are told, seldom become used to the plains. They are always pining for the hills they left behind. And so it was with our little friend. They were obliged to allow him to go back to the ranks of the acolytes, for he said: "I am too lonely so far away from the altar." And with the acolytes he remained from that day until as a postulant he begged admission into the Society of Jesus.

THE SECOND PART

Boyhood Days

"Behold the dreamer cometh."
Gen. xxxvii. 19.

CHAPTER I

"There were giants in those days."

HUMDRUM is not where you live: it's what you are. My young Indian friend, Ignatia, lives in very prosaic surroundings. A large government school has few attractions for her. Rather disgustedly she rises in the early morning when the first bugle sounds: and all through the long hours of the day, she dutifully sticks to her task, whether it be learning the mysteries of English in the school room, or, preferably, working leisurely with the sewing class where there is a chum of hers and where the rule of silence is not so rigidly enforced. Many a valiant effort she makes to concentrate her thoughts on the work before her, but, brave little maiden though she be, I must confess that she generally fails,—her heart is not in her task. She would much prefer to be allowed to lounge on the grass with a fairy book in her hands, or gaze wistfully at the birds and bees with envy in her little heart at the carefree life they lead. She seldom leaves the grounds except to pay an occasional visit to the parish house. Fenced in by circumstance, by frowning walls and tiresome regulations, her mind nevertheless soars above it all. She suffocates with longing. Her thoughts ever spring towards gorgeous sunsets and the ends of rainbows. She flies in dreams across the golden south seas to the far countries; and on one memorable day—it was a Sunday school picnic at the beach—she transformed every old square-rigger that crept down the bay into a Spanish galleon. Masts are always dreamy to look at, they have been the undoing of many a one older and more staid than my little

Indian friend. They speak a romance of the sea, of unknown lands, of distant forests aglow with tropical colors and abounding in strangs forms of life. Hardly any of us but have thought that on some day we will go on a long voyage, but the years roll on and still we have not sailed. It may please Ignatia to learn that her Prince, young McCormick had quite a failing—as what real child has not?—for "stories." I think it is Richard Jefferies, who says that those who have an imaginative corner in their hearts are better than those who have not. They have a shrine, and to a shrine we bring our aspirations; there they accumulate and secretly influence our lives. He appears to have been especially fond of Jack, the Giant Killer; and, after school hours, he would sally forth in quest of "giants." His little sister, Rose, invariably accompanied him on these expeditions and neighbors said the two looked like Don Quixote and his faithful attendant. Frequently the "giants," proved too much for our "Jack" and his faithful escort. They returned in a rather battered condition. But what mattered it, if clothes were torn and eyes discolored, provided they had fought courageously—provided their hearts were as stout as before—provided their escutcheon remained unspotted?

Like Joseph of old, the young Adrian dreamt many beautiful dreams. They came to him generally in the evening when most of his pent-up energy had been spent in the class room or romping about with companions on the campus. On such occasions even his beloved sister Rose received scant attention. He walked home alone, very suddenly; and, taking his favorite book, went up to his room and over to a cozy corner where a dormer window looked out on the golden west. Very few oldsters can look at an orange sunset and not see things. What dreams, then, must youth, filled with the intense yearning for

future achievements, weave from a like situation? The book soon falls listlessly in his lap; and, in place of the written page, he sees ships,—his ships. We all have ships which belong to some day which is surely going to follow an orange sunset, when we will arise, glad in the morning to wave them a fond welcome. Adrian watched these ships until—until the street lamps began to glimmer like harbor lights and the houses rose up in the dark like lumps of rock with grotesque edges: and then—then he lost them! With a sigh he arose, threw aside the book, walked down stairs and with sparkling eyes, entered again the family circle.

One dream of Adrian's in particular centered around that charming sketch of the life of Father Rouellot by Hugh Clifford, governor of Borneo. The author describes how, in childhood, Father Rouellot shared the popular belief of the inhabitants of Dinan, in Brittany, that whenever a good deed was struck for France and for "le bon Dieu" the heart of the town hero, Duguesclin, beats anew with joy. It is just a little quiet backwater town where a tradition of this sort would take root. A statue of the great hero on horseback stood in the center of the old marketplace; and it was but natural for young Jean Rouellot, passing daily by the tomb of Bertrand Duguesclin to recall the life of that great French commander and the nobility of his deeds, he, whose last words were an exhortation to the captains about him "never to forget that, in whatsoever country they might be making war, churchmen, women, children and the poor were not their enemies." The idea of gladdening the heart of Duguesclin gradually took entire possession of the young *Breton* peasant lad. He determined to strike a lasting blow for France and for "le bon Dieu," and so he entered the seminary, was ordained priest, and eventually died a holy death as a missionary in China.

Naturally, the tale fired the soul and imagination of a child of Adrian's years. He would outstrip Father Rouellot, —he would not only be a missionary in China, but would give his life to bring enduring happiness and joy to the heart of the famed conqueror of the English. This notion remained uppermost in Adrian's mind until his First Communion day, and then the figure of Duguesclin was little by little relegated to the background and soon faded entirely from the boy's memory, and in his place appeared the sweet amiable Countenance of the Man-God. He would, henceforth, bring consolation and joy to the Heart of Christ. This, then, became his aim; this his principal ambition in life. And he often said he wished to do something so noble that he would hear not the heart of Duguesclin, but the Heart of Jesus beating with joy.

Naturally, his desire to be a priest became stronger and more pronounced at this time, since it was a direct means of bringing joy to the Heart of his Saviour. The make-believe altar of childhood days was substituted for a real one. His mother had a carpenter make one and it was placed at one end of his room. The boy kept a lamp burning continually before it; and it was quite devotional with its two statues of our Lady and St. Joseph. He always had the tabernacle door draped with the color indicative of the feast. On the day he left for the Novitiate at Los Gatos, the color was red, and ever after the color on the tabernacle remained as he had placed it, symbolic of the crown he so desired.

Beside the altar Adrian placed a little toy bank and wrote above it, "For the Poor!" Many a visitor to the house would follow the lad to his chapel, and, after reciting some prayers, they placed in the bank whatever loose change they had in their pockets. In this way Adrian was able to increase

to a considerable extent his kind acts of charity. His success in this endeavor suggested new fields. A month later, the family were mildly surprised to see another box by the altar labeled, "For the Foreign Missions!" This too, received its quota of offerings, which were forwarded in due time to headquarters. And then came the surprise of all, one morning a third receptacle made its appearance marked: "For the Support of the Pastor!" Few of the boy's friends and acquaintances failed to tease him about this last box, yet he never took it down.—"See," said the grown-ups who could not hide their smiles,—"see he wants us to support his pastor." It remained just where he had placed it in spite of the many jokes that were leveled at it. This incident would not create astonishment in anyone who knew Adrian in after years —it would be simply what one might expect from him; for he did not appear to have in his character even the shadow of human respect. Dreamers, especially when they dream of doing great things for God, meet with opposition. Was not Joseph then thrown into a well and abandoned by his brethren? That those who wish to live piously in the Lord must suffer persecution, was verified in the case of our little Prince, even at this early stage of his career.

About this time another event occurred that brings out his utter neglect of the good or bad opinion others might have of him. "Sine Timore" were no empty words on the family's coat of arms; the lad lived them out in every action of his daily life. The A. P. A. movement was then at its height in Seattle, and Adrian, traveling down town on a street care one day with his mother, left her side for a moment and took a position close to the window on the opposite side of the car. They were passing a church a few moments later, and quite naturally the boy raised his cap.

"So you are a Papist?" scoffed a man close by.

"I am a Catholic, sir!" replied Adrian without any hesitation.

The man, thinking he was alone, endeavored to browbeat the youngster and continued:

"So you confess your sins to those priests, and they repeat all you tell them."

"Have you never heard of St. John Nepomucene?" questioned Adrian with vehemence. And then, in the most dramatic way, he related the thrilling story of the Martyr of the Seal of Confession. The passengers listened with amazement, well satisfied at the discomfiture of the boy's persecutor.

On other occasions, during this time of bitter feelings among neighbors, Adrian was often accosted on his way to Mass in the mornings by boys older and much bigger than himself. Generally, being fleet of foot, he managed to escape his assailants; but at times he was captured, soundly pummelled and sent on his way with the words: "Go now and dress up in those girlish things and follow the priest around." But neither threats nor blows could keep him from the service of the altar which he loved from his tenderest years, beginning to serve Mass as soon as he could lift the missal. His mother advised him, under these circumstances, not to enter into conversation with such boys, nor listen to the remarks they hurled after him. One evening, as Adrian was returning from May devotions, a rough boy began to swear and throw stones at him. He came running home all out of breath and told his mother. She questioned: "What did you do?"

And Adrian replied: "I threw a pebble over my shoulder and exclaimed, 'If thou be Satan, get thee behind me!' and then I ran—but he ran too." No wonder the poor fellow was

frightened and ran, when he heard Adrian in his most dramatic way throwing anathemas at him!

We often wrongfully associate timidity with the birds of the branches and the creatures of the field. We speak of the "timid" turtle-dove, yet watch this self-same bird in danger—in a high wind or a deadly thunder storm, and its unruffled calm and lofty courage will put to shame our want of confidence in the all-wise Hand of Providence.

Adrian, though you would fancy him the most timid of mortals, possessed this fearlessness of character and in a most remarkable degree. It came to him not only from natural temperament but from a childlike trust in God. Once when he had escaped from a physical danger, his mother said to him: "Adrian, what would you ever do without your mother? I foresee dangers which you could never foresee."

"Well, Mamma," he said, "God gave you to me and if He had not given you to me, He would have given me something else."

One of his first teachers, a Dominican nun, said: "I feel certain that he took the confidence of his childhood, unaltered, to the judgment seat of God."

"I saw Adrian many times in dangers," writes his sister Rose,—"dangers on sea, on land, dangers from death in sickness, and I never saw him falter or lose his peaceful confiding manner. As a child he was so sure of his own courage that he would frighten me with stories of ghosts, yet they had no effect on himself. He was not more than seven when his little pony strayed into a neighboring wood. They had put me on behind just to ride up and down before the house. The woods were not far, but the stubborn pony came to a fallen log and would neither go backward nor forwards. Adrian whipped him for a long time in vain, and then he said very

calmly: 'Rosie, we will have to stay here on the pony all night; Papa will come in the morning and bring us home.' And he meant every word he uttered."

At the time of the great California earthquake in 1906, Adrian was in the novitiate at Los Gatos. Those of us who were there then will remember what a severe shock the old building received. Almost the entire wall of the third floor where the novices lived fell in and created no little panic among the young men who witnessed this startling event. However, it did not seem to bother Adrian at all. He calmly went on dressing and at the usual time came down to make his visit to the Blessed Sacrament. He acted in the same serene peaceful way during the following days while San Francisco was burning, though he knew his family were in danger and no word could reach him.

And so, when the King saw what a brave little follower this Prince was, and how willing he was to undergo hardships in His service, He drew him closer and closer to His side. And the lad in turn had the happiness of feeling that his dreams were being fulfilled; and these dreams of spiritual greatness which the saints have realized, like the dreams of poets, are the heritage of posterity.

"I hang mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread:
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap; but after the reaper
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper."

CHAPTER II

"And I have known that there was no better thing than to rejoice, and to do well in this life." Eccles. III. 12.

IN WRITING the life of a servant of God, one must ever be on his guard not to build up a character of his own imaginings,—a subjective individual utterly at variance with the objective personality. Many a biographer—and he be gifted with a vivid imagination—has assumed to himself rather the part of a romancer than a narrator of cold, historical facts.

And, of a truth, it is a delightful role to play. The poet in Fairyland builds up out of nothing impossible men and preternaturally beautiful women. He rewards and punishes. At the critical moment, he hands out to the impoverished heroine hundreds and hundreds of dollars that cannot buy a cream tart at the confectionary store. He is absolute in his own domain, untrammeled, unrestrained. Yet, nevertheless, he is dissatisfied; he would like to slip unnoticed into another realm—the realm of truth and of facts.

In what we have previously written of the childhood of Adrian McCormick, since many of these events are rather unusual in the life of a normal Catholic boy of the twentieth century, there may be those who consider we are indulging in a little romance, that we are building up a fictitious character, albeit a saintly one. But such is not the case. Adrian from his earliest years kept close, very close to God, yet this did not prevent him from taking part in various forms of amusement and thoroughly enjoying them. Though it was

a frail mold that housed his soul, he more than made up for any lack of physical strength by the tremendous nervous energy he brought to all the sports he engaged in. In time of play he was utterly oblivious of everything else, and by his perseverance and determination became quite proficient in many forms of athletics. He was a good swimmer and diver, and in after years, when the family moved to San Francisco he would rise about six in the morning and walk to the Dolphin Club at the foot of Van Ness Avenue near Fort Mason and plunge into the bay. This required considerable courage, especially in winter mornings when the weather was cold and dark and raw. He was also fond of rowing and fishing and was a real baseball enthusiast.

When the lad was ten years old, he was engaged to sing at a concert in which some of the best musicians had united to make it a musical event for the Northwest. "Seattle's Boy Soprano," as Adrian was then called, had rehearsed his pieces and was thoroughly prepared for the occasion. The day of the concert came, but it was not the concert that was nearest Adrian's heart, but rather a baseball game with the little boys of the neighborhood. He played with his wonted fiery energy, and when the game was over, threw himself on the ground to cool off. He was greatly overheated and, as a consequence, took a severe cold. To the disappointment of many it was announced that he could not fill his numbers on the programme that evening. There was no boy soprano, but then life has its recompenses for a boy; the baseball game had been played and won.

At this time Adrian was made much of. Whenever he appeared before an audience the applause was great and the floral offerings many and varied. It was heavenly to hear him sing Gounod's Ave Maria. He put into it all the beauty

of his voice, the purity of his young soul and his passionate love of Our Lady. But as the above-mentioned incident shows, the crowded theatre and the footlights and the clapping of hands did not spoil him; he remained a real boy with all a boy's frankness and candor and innocence.

As a small lad he was always having plays, entertainments, boxing or fencing contests at his home. And then the long-looked-for day when the circus came to the city! He was up and off to see the parade hours and hours before the time assigned for it, watched it pass with wondering eyes, and then religiously followed the retreating calliope to the grounds where he spent the afternoon among the menagerie.

As he advanced in years he delighted in seeing the great actors, especially in Shakespearian roles. Tragedy he liked best of all for, from the time he was a baby, nothing could be too tragic for the youngster. This leaning towards the dramatic remained with Adrian in the after years. The scholastics would often coax him onto the stage and call for one of his recitations. And in his sermons, when a priest, though his earnestness and fervor overshadowed all else, there could still be easily detected in his gestures and manner of expression traces of his early love for dramatics. In one of his sermons during the last mission he gave, an eyewitness described the powerful picture he drew of Our Lady as the Refuge of Sinners. With a heart glowing with fervor Adrian spoke of Mary's part in the crucifixion on Calvary and bade all his hearers look beneath Our Blessed Mother's mantle where were gathered all the sinners of the world. No one that evening doubted the young priest's love of Mary when he exhorted them to confidence in her and thrilled them with the words: "Look!—look and see what She has taken in place of her Divine Son!"

In the mind of Adrian relaxation whether physical or intellectual—was just as serious a task as going to school or obeying one's parents. St. Aloysius' remark that he was as well prepared to die immediately following the close of recreation as at any other period of the day, impressed young McCormick quite profoundly. It was a favorite quotation of his during novitiate days: and whenever, during a ball game at Los Gatos, an excitable novice protested too strenuously against the solemn pronouncements of a somewhat fallible umpire, Adrian would be sure to single out the offender later on and explain to him the sacredness and the seriousness of play time in the curriculum of a Jesuit. And this he did in such an humble, inoffensive way that no one could take umbrage at his words. I do not mean to infer that Adrian took no natural delight in sports,—he did. He would remain for hours on the hand-ball courts when attending school at old St. Ignatius, and many an evening it was darkness alone that prevented himself and companions from continuing the game and not lack of interest or of energy. But what I do wish to say is that young McCormick besides taking a boy's pleasure in the various games he indulged in, was ever careful to remember that recreation was not an end in itself but only a means towards the goal he had in view—the greater service of His Lord and King.

For this reason we find him very loath to omit any of the physical exercises he had determined upon. He even made out a schedule for himself in order that the time allotted to recreation might not be curtailed. Adrian, in an unguarded moment, let this horarium fall out of his pocket one day at school, and the precious document was picked up by a Philistine in the person of a mischievous boy. Frantic over the loss of his treasure, Adrian ran after his tormentor

and tried hard to recover it, but his efforts were in vain. The Philistine eluded him and, ascending an improvised platform, gathered all the boys in the yard about him with the announcement that he had a wonderful document to read to them.

"Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant!" There was only one dissenting voice,—the voice of Adrian demanding the return of his schedule. Of course the wag exaggerated and brought into play the little Latin he had been able to master. He spoke of the great historical value of the document he had in his hands, and mentioned that what made it especially interesting to the profano vulgo, and gave to it a decidedly human touch came from the fact that the author had not failed to mention in his horarium the necessity of taking refreshments every half hour. Adrian had a pet rabbit at home; and had kept the little animal for five or six years, teaching it many tricks so that Benjamin (as he was called) could almost talk. It was Adrian's duty to feed the rabbit every morning and to split some kindling for the housekeeper. He left the house quite early as it was about a two-mile walk to school and, on mornings when he went swimming, he often feared he would forget the rabbit and the kindling and so had marked on the schedule,

"7:30 A. M. Split the kindling.
8:00 A. M. Feed the Rabbit."

The Philistine had quite an imagination and began:

"6:00 A. M. Refreshments.
6:30 A. M. Refreshments.
7:00 A. M. Ablutions.
7:30 A. M. Split the Rabbit.
8:00 A. M. Feed the Kindling.

8:30 A. M. Refreshments.
9:00 A. M. Ablutions.
9:30 A. M. More refreshments.
10:00 A. M. Still more refreshments."

Adrian had to listen to all this before he could induce his tormentor to return the paper. It was a real trial for him, for he considered the little schedule as something sacred, having made it out that he might remember his various duties and perform them all for the honor and glory of God. But instead of an outburst of temper, Adrian showed a wonderful patience; and in spite of his chagrin, good naturedly told the joke on himself later on.

CHAPTER III

"Instruct thy son, and he shall refresh thee and shall give delight to thy soul." Prov. xxix. 17.

AS WELL-REGULATED exercise of the body is indispensable to health and strength, as the use of the mental faculties according to established laws of graded study, from the kindergarten to the university, has its result in intellectual vigor, so the proper direction of the will in cultivating the habits of right choice secure that moral training of character without which man is little better than an empty bag, which as G. D. Prentice said, "is incapable of an upright position." We will multiply our colleges and universities in vain; our educational centers wherein are trained the mind, eye, and character, will become boomerangs reacting on the heads of those who planned them, unless we provide for the education of the will, without which character is absolutely useless. Many an otherwise strong life breaks down at this point. Incredible misfortunes, commercial ruin and personal disaster imperil the undisciplined will.

The parents of young McCormick were well aware of the importance of developing will power in their children; and so from infancy to early boyhood (those years when a lad is almost entirely under the care and guidance of parents) Adrian was gently but firmly taught to respect the wishes and obey the commands of those set over him. Elsewhere we have mentioned his violent manifestations of temper as a child. These were a real handicap and a great

source of humiliation to his sensitive soul. They left him physically weak and morally despondent. In other surroundings and without the aid of religion the boy might have turned out entirely different. But the order and discipline at home, his frequent prayers and reception of the Sacraments, gradually conquered this weakness. There was too much real gold in his character to be permanently affected by any baser metal. Obstacles are not so much a hindrance to the generous soul as they are stepping stones in the pursuit of his aim in life. Sub pondere cresco ("I grow under a weight,") is as true today as when first uttered. There must be a continual plowing and harrowing before the field is ready for the grain. The loveliest flowers we see have their roots in common earth; and so many of the sweetest victories in life grow out of the soil of everyday drudgery. "Be thou, O man, like unto the rose. Its root is indeed in dirt and mud, but its flowers still send forth grace and perfume."

That Adrian had made considerable progress in the work of subduing his predominant fault may be gleaned from an incident that occurred when he was about eight years old and a pupil of the Dominican Sisters in Seattle. His mother had a very warm coat which she made over into a winter jacket for Adrian. It fitted him well but she could not entirely conceal the place where she had sewed up the large pockets. The boys at school noticed this and, gathering around young McCormick, made fun of him and called out: "He has his mother's coat on!"

In other days Adrian would have given way to a violent fit of anger, and perhaps, as an outlet for his temper, venture a fistic encounter with the ringleader, but on this occasion he

quietly and calmly replied: "Yes, it is my mother's coat; and I am proud of it!"

A short time afterwards, when the good Sisters told his mother about the incident, she approached Adrian and endeavored to obtain his consent to let her buy a new coat, but the lad replied; "No, mother, I like this coat best of all." The coat offered untold possibilities to Adrian for conquering himself, and that was the sole reason why he liked it. Even at this early period he was "zealous for the better gifts."

In those days, too, his mother often cut his hair. He never raised any objections although the cut was by no means perfect. The boys teased him about it; but Adrian remained calm and unperturbed.

"Oh, look at him, his mother cut his hair!" they said.

"Yes, she did," answered Adrian; "don't you wish you had a mother like mine?"

It is a common opinion that generosity consists mainly in giving. The generous man, it is said, is one who is always ready to impart that which he has to those who need it. He is bountiful in hospitality, liberal in his gifts, munificent in his charities. He is willing to give his time, as well as his money, to impart knowledge to the ignorant, counsel to the erring, sympathy to the sorrowing. Whatever powers he may possess, he uses freely for the sake of others, and his affections, which are deep and strong, descend upon thirsty souls to bless and invigorate, as the gentle rain descends upon the earth to purify it, to refresh and make it fruitful. Surely no one can fail to admire such open-handed and large-hearted generosity, nor hastily criticise in such a person a supposed deficiency.

And yet there is another part of generosity which at first sight may seem to require no urging, but which in truth is frequently lost sight of entirely, the generous acceptance. In point of fact, it is much more difficult to accept things in the right spirit than it is to play the role of Prince Bountiful and bestow favors with a lavish hand on all sides. The one feeds, as a general rule, our vanity and pride, the other is built upon a very solid foundation—the foundation of humility and of self-abnegation.

To see the Hand of God in the slighting remark, in the bitter retort, in the words of disparagement and smilingly to accept these without holding rancor or hatred in your heart against the offender,—this we might expect in an old mature religious but to witness it in a lad of his years is unusual indeed. Young McCormick was generous,—generous with God, generous in accepting the crosses His Creator deemed fit to send his way. And in return the Holy Spirit taught him the lesson it takes most of us a lifetime to learn—and even then it is imperfectly grasped—the "Abstine et Sustine" of the spiritual combat. We often remark of a football player, of a pugilist, that he has a great capacity for punishment. Adrian was one of God's athletes, and as such possessed the power of assimilating rebuffs and criticisms in a most remarkable degree. Naturally, as Divine Providence so orders events in such cases, humiliations were never lacking to the lad. His companions at school, seeing that he never resented their rebuffs, began to impose more and more on what they considered his good nature. They used him as a kind of buffer between themselves; and at last, discovering that no amount of ill-treatment could discourage him or disturb his peace of soul, they ended by considering him as rather queer and unusual. There must be something wrong

with a boy who never resented an injury, and so they gave him the sobriquet of "Bugs." Later on in life, when a Jesuit, Adrian had much the same attitude to contend against or rather to contend with. Even in the cloister there will always be found a few worldly-minded religious to sneer at the fervent and criticise their efforts towards perfection. The wheat and cockle grow in the garden of monastic life as well as in the less cultivated fields of the world. And the Master's wish was that no radical action should be taken in respect to either, "Suffer both to grow until the harvest." The good are aided by such opposition,—kites fly not with the wind but against it; and the bad—they are not really bad but frivolous and unmindful of the obligations of their state in life—are assisted in spite of themselves by the example of the good. Perhaps in the days to come, like the two Pauls of history,—like Paul of Tarsus and Paul, the brother of St. Stanislaus,—these men will be all the more fervent and all the more humble from having persecuted the servants of God.

Besides Adrian's faculty of accepting crosses, he had an almost unlimited power of buoyantly bearing up under all the opposition he met. There are some phlegmatic characters who are rather automatons than human beings, individuals who are so thoroughly wrapped up in one object that they cannot be brought to realize there *is* opposition in the world, for, to them, the world does not exist. They are utterly oblivious of the actions of their fellow men, as completely shut off from outside influences as the silkworm in its cocoon. Such people remind one very much of the boy who habitually carries a baseball glove on his belt. If any occurrence happens to claim his attention, he immedately dismisses it as entirely worthless, and goes to pounding his glove all the

harder to recall to his mind the one object of his life—baseball. We do not credit such people for their forgiving nature any more than we credit the cork for floating on the water.

But with Adrian it was different. He had a deep, refined, sensitive nature, and, humanly speaking, was keen to resent a wrong and slow to forgive an injury. I have read somewhere that it is the kind who need kindness most. This especially applied to young McCormick. He was very susceptible to kindness, and his eyes would fill at the mention of a good deed or on witnessing a charitable act. Such a nature feels keenly a studied slight or a deliberate injustice. And one of the strongest proofs we have at this period of the lad's career that he habitually acted from supernatural motives occurred after he had graduated from the parochial school conducted by the Dominican Sisters on 6th Avenue and Bell Streets, and was enrolled as a pupil of the Jesuits at Seattle College.

This incident stands out in the career of young McCormick as a striking contrast—a contrast between the fiery, impetuous child and the boy subdued by grace. "Adrian," writes his sister, Rose,—"Adrian was thirteen years old and a pupil at Seattle College. During the school year he had led in nearly all the branches of study. His reports bore testimony to it, and he knew he merited most of the prizes at the close of the term. He called me aside one evening and told me of his joy; and he wished my parents to take me with them to the Commencement exercises as he wanted me there when he received the prizes. The names were called for the highest merits in the different subjects, but Adrian's name was mentioned only once. I think it was for the medal in Christian Doctrine. All the others—which he knew he had so justly deserved—were awarded to others. He looked

so bewildered, so surprised, but no other emotion manifested itself.

"Following the distribution of prizes, he was called upon to recite. He did so with that wondrous gift of declamation which even then was his. No tone of disappointment appeared in his voice—he was magnificent. Father Albert Trivelli, S. J., who was present, said later, 'I am a man and have been many years a Jesuit, but I could never have spoken under such conditions,—my voice would have failed me.'

"The Fathers had not time, it seems, to make any explanation before the exercises, but that afternoon one came over to the house to tell us that, as Adrian stood highest in almost every branch, the medals were to be given to him. However, they thought it best at the last moment to count him out of the competition, since he was so far in advance of the others in his class who were nearly all older than he. The College was then in a struggling condition; and, if all the prizes were given to Adrian, the parents of the other pupils would feel that favoritism had been shown, and this would work disaster to the school. I can recall the deep impression Adrian's behavior made on me that day. Of course I was grieved. I could hardly keep from crying, for I shared so intimately all his joys and sorrows, and I said: 'You told me you were going to have those medals!' 'I was sure I was,' he replied: 'I just do not know what happened.' I shall never forget the gentle tone of his voice or how sweet and patient he looked. At the time I was not old enough to appreciate his virtue; in fact I was almost sorry he did not deliver one of those fiery impromptu pleas for justice which I had often heard before, but no, Adrian was silent under the unexpected blow. He did not even seek to find out the

reasons for his disappointment. The Fathers, of their own accord, explained the affair and said they really should have done so before the distribution, but it had escaped them, and surely this omission was in the designs of Providence to give an example of Adrian's virtue."

And this was the lad who a couple of years before would have broken out into an uncontrollable fit of anger under similar conditions, and, in a petulancy, smashed to smithereens his toys and playthings.

CHAPTER IV

"My son, from thy youth up receive instruction, and even to thy grey hairs thou shalt find wisdom. Come to her as one that plougheth and soweth, and wait for her good fruits, for in working about her thou shalt labour a little and shall quickly eat of her fruits." Eccles. VI. 18-20.

THERE appears to be a quite prevalent opinion among the younger generation that education is a thing to acquire in a hurry, something to have done with as soon as possible, like the measles. They have not acquired the *habit* of study. As individuals we are as bright and quick-witted intellectually as Europeans; but we do not seem to have their stick-at-it-ness. As soon as school closes we, for the most part, discard our books and throw off that atmosphere of study which should continually envelop the real student. And when graduation comes, the line of demarcation is even more pronounced. To the sympathetic observer, listening to the young men in cap and gown as they read their essays on the art of government and the relation of the passages in the pyramids to the astronomic theories of the Chaldeans, it would seem as if the work of the school was just about to begin. It is sad to relate that in many cases it not only ceases but the scholar goes backward. This does not mean simply that he forgets what has been taught him, for much that we go through in schools is for training, not remembrance: but he forgets the influences that have surrounded him, he forgets to follow those subjects for which he has a natural bent and which are a source of pure pleasure and profitable research.

One does not act thus on entering the business world

with a fixed purpose. He knows that his preparation is never complete; that he must always study, examine, inquire; that he could not know all that is to be known about a subject if his lifetime were doubled. That man may well be alarmed who discovers that he has ceased to grow; that he no longer profits by new experiences; that he can no longer apply himself with energy and interest to fresh subjects; for such a man is dead even though it may be many years before they carry him to the cemetery.

After falling into good business habits not one man in a thousand tries to fall out of them. Why should it be otherwise in respect to education? If one were to take but a half hour out of the twenty-four, he would before long be a master of a theme, a man of note in his specialty. He could command a language, or a science, or an art, and, best of all, double his own usefulness and happiness. And that is the main thing; to increase content. There is no satisfaction in stagnation. It breeds foulness and pollution. But there is a great joy of spirit in the knowledge that we are of use to our fellows, and that our lives are not in vain.

What impressed even a casual observer of young McCormick at this period of his career was the fact that he was a model student. Naturally bright above the ordinary, he added to this gift a tenacity of purpose and a perseverance in his studies that simply made it impossible for him to be a failure in class. The family had moved from Seattle to San Francisco, and Adrian faithfully attended school at old St. Ignatius. Outside of the time spent in taking the exercise he deemed necessary for his physical well-being, there was little else to distract him from his love of books. It is true his fellow students accused him of having a sweetheart, of taking walks with a young lady; but his little sweetheart

proved to be sister Rose, who also was attending an academy in the vicinity, and whom he escorted home daily. Many a pleasant hour and profitable one, too, they spent in one another's company. There was so much in common between them,—things bearing directly or indirectly on their school life and serving to accentuate the atmosphere of study that surrounded them during class hours. The day's happenings and how they had conducted themselves, their lessons, their ambitions and the obstacles they met with in realizing them,—these and many other topics occupied their attention, tightening, while it spiritualized, the natural bond that united them.

I have often wondered where Adrian acquired those gentle, low tones and that wonderful facility in conversing which readily distinguished him from others. And I think we can safely ascribe it to the influence and companionship of his younger sister. We, who have constantly associated with boys not alone at school but likewise with our brothers at home, are liable to be boisterous and noisy. It's the mark of our tribe. But a sister's presence counteracts this tendency, awakening those gentler and finer feelings which otherwise would only be partially developed. I fancy it was thus with Adrian; at all events the fact remained he was gifted with a low gentle voice and had charming conversational powers.

There was a time and that not so very long ago, when men and women aspired to be brilliant talkers. They not only aspired but actually succeeded in attaining the object of their desires. There was no gathering without its galaxy of notables who could entertain the whole company with their tongue. And yet nowadays, though reading is more common than formerly, and, though a man full of ideas ought to find an entertaining means of expressing them, we must admit

that conversational ability has not kept pace with this diffusion of knowledge. It may be that business and professional activities have so absorbed men's energies that they find themselves unequal to the task of taking their social duties seriously; nevertheless, thinking men and women will regret the passing of conversation as an art; for there is nothing so pleasant as to listen to one whose fluency of language, combined with originality of thought and ingenuity of expression, marks him as the artistic talker.

Another contributing cause to Adrian's success as a conversationalist might be due to the time he devoted to the editing at this period of a little college paper. His parents had purchased a juvenile printing press for his use; and the lad spent hours and hours thumbing the dictionary for new words, rewriting notices and endeavoring to make his "sheet" as presentable as possible. It was a proud day for Adrian when he was able to insert a number of copies of his paper between the leaves of his school books and bring them to the college to be distributed gratis among the students. Shortly after this, the "sheet" began to appear weekly; and a considerable number of his schoolmates looked forward with a great deal of interest to its perusal. His triumph, however, was of short duration, for a few weeks later another sheet made its appearance on the campus, much to the discomfiture of Adrian. This rival editor flayed him unmercifully for being too egotistical; and submitted as proof a number of quotations from news items that young McCormick had printed. A prima-facie glance at these lines would seem to bear out the contention of Adrian's adversary.

"The editor spent the week-end at Sausalito."

"The editor, accompanied by his parents, went to the theatre last evening, heartily enjoying Joseph Jefferson's rendition of Rip Van Winkle."

"The editor, from recent observations during practice, predicts a very successful season for our college foot-ball squad."

"The editor suggests that more interest be taken in the newly reorganized Debating Society."

But then it must be borne in mind that news items, to a young collegian in the first throes of writing for the public, are toothsome morsels. He pounces upon them eagerly, giving little or no thought to the manner in which they are written up. He lives in a world apart, and tells of those things which interest him most, though others be not in the least concerned about his doings and about his opinions.

"The College Student," or "The College News,"—it went by some title of that sort—began, like other publications of its kind, with high hopes and strong enthusiasm; but then adversities came, difficulties arose, until finally Adrian's grand scheme was entirely abandoned.

Now and then, while rummaging through his notes and letters, we come across a stray leaf, or an allusion to that first literary effort,—mute souvenirs of the dear dead past, silent witnesses to his active mind and tireless energy,—but somehow they depress us and dim our eyes; for the busy hands are now stilled forever, and that hopeful buoyant heart beats no more; the Prince has gone Home. And we who are left behind must need travel along without the aid of his cheery smile and winning ways—one misses the verdant leaf torn by the blast from the oak tree; but nevertheless, invisible and by his example, he beckons to us still, he lights up our pathway, he tells of the eternal beauties of his Home, and whispers

in our ears the salutary truth that we are "exiled children of the skies."

One substantial benefit Adrian derived from the little printing press was the training it gave him in seeking relaxation and pleasure along innocent, useful lines. We all know that the only way to purify a stream is to purify its source. And yet in human affairs, at least in practice, we act as if this same law did not hold good. We see with sorrow all kinds of faults and errors in our land, and proceed, perhaps with enthusiasm and energy, to grapple with them just as they stand; and then we wonder why, with all our diligent efforts, we meet with failure. We are trying to sweeten the waters of life in mid-stream, while its sources continue to send down their corrupting influences. It is true that the quest for these sources is by no means an easy task. They are often numerous and ramified and complex, and often hidden from our view, yet only through patient search for them can we hope to remove or lesson the evils we deplore. And while a single evil may be traceable to many sources, thus increasing the difficulty of dealing with it wisely, it is also a fact that a single source may be the fountain head of many evils, and a successful warfare upon it may effect more real good than we should dream of attempting.

Among these far removed causes of wrong-doing is one seldom recognized—vacuity of mind. We are accustomed to think of the vacant mind as a misfortune, reflecting, it is true, much discredit upon its possessor, but seldom as a positive and prolific source of vice and crime. Yet it undoubtedly is. We are not here referring to lack of employment. Idleness, as is well known, is the mother of many vices. But there are hundreds of hard-working industrious persons who have little or no resources for their leisure hours. They need refreshment

after labor, recreation; and, not finding these in innocent useful ways, the unoccupied mind becomes a prey to whatever chance influence may light upon it. Thus some become victims to pernicious literature which inflames the passions and corrupts the mind; some succumb to the pleasures of the cup that intoxicates; while others prefer the excitement of gambling. Yet it is quite probable that none of these enticements would have attracted them, had their minds been active and interested in better, simpler and purer things.

Now it is very easy to say that such persons have other interests to engage them, and nature's scenes to look upon and music to hear and flowers to cultivate, and plenty of interesting things to do. This is all true but what is forgotten in the statement is that it is not the *vacant,* but the full and intelligent mind that fastens with avidity on such pleasures. For such recreation requires something positive,—an ear attuned to hear melody, an eye trained to see beauty and a brain stimulated to activity in order to enjoy them. That all these things are lacking, that the mind is vacant, dull and uninspired, is the very cause of the evils we too hastily blame and too crudely attempt to cure. The true method of help (and methods are numerous) is first to recognize their real origin and then to turn our efforts in that direction, always keeping in mind that it is not so much a vice to be uprooted, or a piece of wrong-doing to be checked, as a positive need to be supplied. And it is the path of wisdom and foresight to provide for that need.

Up in Montana the farmers must contend against a rather common enemy,—the Tumble Weed. This plant derives its name from the fact that it tumbles about the fields, driven by whatever chance winds may strike it. Once in a dozen moons one of these miniature bushes is blown into an anchor,—a

fence corner or a sheltered ledge of rocks, where, unlike its kind, it ceases its wanderings and remains there until it dies.

Human society has also to deal with a great number of tumble weeds—men with a preponderance of the Gypsy strain in their blood—men lacking in responsibility and a prey to the chance winds that strike them. And it is the part of society to find them an anchor, a place where they may again take their bearings, and discover their higher, nobler self.

Adrian McCormick was greatly blessed above his fellows in this respect. Besides the anchorage of Faith, (the unum necessarium in his opinion,) besides the anchorage of a good home and the privileges of a thorough Catholic education, the lad had other sheltered spots and cosy anchorages where he spent his time. He had his athletic games, his hours of reading, his little printing press to occupy his attention. These things tided him over the dangerous hours of recreation, these, in their own sphere, helped to keep him uncontaminated from the world until Faith led him at last to the spot his soul longed for, the anchorage of religious life.

THE THIRD PART

Early Religious Life

"This is my rest for ever and ever:
Here will I dwell, for I have chosen it."
Ps. cxxxi. 14.

CHAPTER I

"For other foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid; which is Jesus Christ." I. Cor. III. 2.

MANY an afternoon, in my walks across the school grounds, bent on interviewing a few absentees of the previous Sunday, or it may be, directing my steps to the infirmary, where some of my little Indian children are silently battling with death, or silently—they are always silent under suffering—recovering after a victorious encounter with the grim impostor,—many an afternoon I meet Ignatia. She trips lightly across the campus and impetuously accosts me in the few Spanish words she has learnt to master: "Adónde, Padrecito?"

Whither! The words startled me the first time she voiced them. What is the answer to that? When you are stopped—unexpectedly stopped—in the midway of life by such a question, coming from a source like that, you may well pause and echo it and perhaps falter for a fit reply. I fancy dear, good, generous-hearted Peter must have been somewhat nonplussed when that same question was first put to him by the Master on the Appian Way. Whither, indeed? We are all journeymen, actually traveling—whither? Many would have to change directions were they to answer that question honestly. They would be obliged to retrace their steps, to leave the desert trails and return to the highway they left miles behind.

With Adrian there was nothing indefinite: he knew just where he was going,—to Los Gatos.

Do you know Los Gatos? If you do, you are rich. Your name may not appear in Bradstreets; you may be as poor as

the lone tramp that unstraps his bundle of an evening, cooks his frugal repast, and then views the little town from the narrow canyon that opens into it, but you are rich in memories, memories that haunt you like a fever dream, that cling and entwine themselves around the heart like honeysuckle, keeping it fresh and young and fragrant even when the outward body may be hastening towards decay. And if you do not know it, then you are poor indeed. You are poorer than the black-robed figure who has given up the world with its riches, and who strolls about the novitiate on the hill up yonder, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." For it is comparatively easy to alleviate and banish material poverty; but the modern philanthropist has no power to assuage hunger of soul,—that must come from within.

The Spaniards will tell you that Los Gatos, means, "The Cats." But they are wrong; Los Gatos, means "magnificently beautiful." It lies, like a wild violet, half-hidden and half-forgotten, at the feet of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Ascend any of the hills back of the town and the scene will enthrall the mind. Below, the peaceful village, dreaming in the afternoon sun; before you the fertile Santa Clara valley, laid out in well-kept orchards like an immense chess-board; on either side, the shining mountain tops, with bases shrouded in mists of purple and gray; and then beyond and merging with the horizon, the restless, deep-blue bay of San Francisco.

But to the Jesuit, Los Gatos, and its surroundings is an inanimate thing; the soul is the Sacred Heart Novitiate. Around this hallowed spot all his affections center. Its claustral gray walls shut out the restlessness and the shallowness of the world, and the peace and happiness of the children of God take possession of his soul. From this restful viewpoint he sees the earth and its grandeurs. Los Gatos may be fair,

superbly fair, yet beyond the shining mountain tops lies another Country, fairer still, whither his thoughts now constantly turn, between whose hills flow the waters of eternal life, and, on the banks thereof, walk the Good Shepherd and his chosen flock. The novitiate is the young Jesuit's mother.

And if in after years he fights a good fight and draws a valiant sword in defence of right and justice it is only because of the lessons he learnt at this mother's knees. In success he remembers her with gratitude, in failure and temptation he thinks of her too, recalling the principles she inculcated in those early years of his religious life. Like the homing pigeon, his thoughts always turn in weal and woe towards the novitiate. Between a real Jesuit and the walls wherein he was trained exists, in a wonderful sense, a spiritual umbilical cord, which never can or never should be severed.

The Novitiate of the Sacred Heart stands above the town. Why is it that religious orders, as a general rule, build their monasteries on high elevations or on the mountain side? Is it because of the isolation? The noise of the world is seldom heard there; and if at all, it comes up softly and subdued like a gentle breeze about a hermitage. Or is it that the mountains speak more forcibly than the valleys of the other world and the things of the soul? Crag upon crag, peak beyond peak, the everlasting hills are "the world's great altar stairs, which slope through darkness up to God." Some of the greatest revelations to man have been made upon a mountain. On a mountain Moses received the Ten Commandments and spoke with his Maker. On a mountain Elijah stood and heard God's voice. On a mountain the chosen three saw the Master in glory, and begged to be allowed to remain there. And, somehow, those whom Christ selected, down the arches of the years, for a religious life, have instinctively sought the

mountain, for the mountain speaks of meditation and prayer and converse with the Creator. It also tells us that man must do his part, small though it be, in going up to God. Christ stooped from heaven to visit, to comfort the sons of men, and they must do what they can to rise from earth and meet Him as He comes "tripping over the mountains."

It was to this place, then, that Adrian came on the thirtieth of July, 1904. We have a picture of him taken at the time. He was just twenty-one; and looked out upon the world in an innocent, smiling, confident manner that to an oldster is always pathetic. For sooner or later, the confident smile vanishes, the look of innocence disappears, and the face hardens from contact with the world. If I remember right, it is Thackeray who exclaims in *The Newcomes*, "Oh, to think of a young, frank, generous nature, and the world and only the world to occupy it!"

Thackeray was blessed with considerable knowledge of human nature. He was aware that the prizes of life are few, and that the world demands too high a price for those she bestows upon her votaries,—that, in spite of her large material boundaries, the world is quite narrow and small and generally succeeds in molding her children in the same narrow, hard way.

If non-Catholics then, in rare moments, and from a purely natural view-point, can see advantages in avoiding the world and not mingling in its deceits, is it to be wondered at that Catholic parents, seeing earthly things from a supernatural coign of vantage, discern in a religious vocation a direct blessing from God, and one not lightly to be cast aside?

The parents of young McCormick were too deeply imbued with the favor granted them to grieve inordinately over his departure. Partings are inevitable in this mutable existence

of ours; but this one was sweetened and tempered by the thought, that, like the young Tobias, the angel of God was accompanying their son; and also that occasionally they would be privileged to visit him in his new surroundings.

Adrian had not only a definite destination in view; he had a definite object on arriving at his new abode,—to realize as speedily as possible the ideal of a Jesuit as portrayed by St. Ignatius in the *Spiritual Exercises* and in the *Rules of the Society of Jesus*. It is interesting to study the manner in which he set about accomplishing this end. There was nothing obtrusive or noisy about his efforts; they were quiet and hidden, yet charged with a force capable of sweeping away all resistance, like the waters of a river just before breaking to the falls.

The life of a novice is very commonplace and uneventful. There is nothing to disturb him, nothing to distract him from the main issue. He finds today the same as yesterday; and tomorrow, he may be sure, will hold very little in the shape of novelty. There are, of course, hours of relaxation, but even during these, the religious element is never lost sight of; they are given to relax the mind and not to dissipate it. To anyone, then, who is at all doubtful as to his call to religious life, the period of probation is, as it was meant to be, a real test of endurance and of stability. While to the novice satisfied that he is in the place God wishes him, the novitiate is a rare opportunity to conquer self, acquire virtue and accumulate merits. It is the power-house wherein is generated the heavenly electricity that will keep the soul lighted in the years to come.

Adrian was too fully alive to the grand occasion of laying the foundation of sanctity which presented itself at this time to let any moment of it pass away uselessly. Even the

few minutes intervening between the different spiritual exercises were spent by him in kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, asking the Man-God for two things, charity and purity of heart. It is St. James who tells us that "Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep one's self unspotted from this world." Adrian had no occasion at this period to show his love of God and the neighbor by external acts of charity. I made a mistake in the last remark. He did have opportunities of exercising his charity externally. Not, it is true, in the sense of being allowed to leave the cloister walls and assist the poor and needy, but in being kind and gentle and cheerful with his brothers, the element which after all is essential to real charity,—the element which makes religious life a haven of rest and peace, which made the psalmist rapturously exclaim: "Oh, how good and happy a thing for brothers to dwell together in peace!"

There are some religious who are uncharitable not so much by an overt act or by a series of acts, as by a consistent, supercilious contemptuousness of attitude. They have the wrong estimate of others. They hold themselves in another plane above their brethren. And the pity of this is its absolute unnecessariness. Just a little human kindliness now and then, just a cup of cold water, just a gentle look, and the love and sympathy of others is yours. Even those who hide the affections of the heart, even those who keep them hidden behind an impenetrable mask and boast that they are impervious to gentleness and kindness,—even they can be won by a sympathetic word. The mask is not so impenetrable but an honest friendly smile will pierce it.

Adrian McCormick never saved any of his fellow novices from drowning. He never spectacularly rescued them from

death. No, he was only a kindly likeable person who did not think it necessary to make himself detestable to others. He quietly and decently thought of the feelings and wishes of his companions, in the little daily ways. Ah, those little things!

Generally, they are too small to chronicle: and sometimes too small even to sense, but in the sight of God they are great and glorious because of the motive behind them. Adrian's motive, Adrian's viewpoint—and, by the way, there is vastly more in viewpoint than we generally think—was founded on the conviction that his brothers represented Christ. With this thought ever before him it was not hard to be kind and gentle to them, and consistently kind, whether they appreciated his little efforts or not. The supernatural motive gave a stability and permanence to his actions they otherwise would have lacked. That terrible motto of Protestant individualism, "Nothing shall come between my God and my soul," found no sympathy in Adrian's heart. *Everything* must come between a man's God and his soul: the tears of a child in the crowded thoroughfare, the plea of a beggar for a crust of bread, the sneer or blow of an enemy, the love a friend—all these come between God and the soul. And a saint is one who is able to turn these seeming obstacles into aids, who realizes that what comes between things joins them, and that God is found not in loneliness or in self-dependence, but in the least of these His little ones, in the burnt offering, in the Broken Bread and the Poured-out Wine.

Nowadays, the word charity is often misapplied. The old Romans rightly characterized it as something scarce, something precious, for, of a certainty, it is not as easily met with as we generally fancy. Many an act hides under the cloak of charity whereas it is nothing else than self-seeking. Many a one cultivates a sunny disposition and is courteous and affable

and this simply and solely to advance his own interests. Ask such a person to reduce courteous ways and pleasant smiles to acts—to real charitable acts that require forgetfulness of self, and, generally speaking, the said acts will remain unaccomplished, which is another way of saying that there is a counterfeit brand, a wishy-washy sort, a make-believe charity wholly unworthy of the name.

Young McCormick's charity did not stop with those old courtly ways of his. Every opportunity of helping his brethren was readily taken advantage of. The novices were accustomed to say that he stayed awake at night plotting just how he could assist a brother in distress. And really the remark appeared to have some foundation of truth in it, when one took note of the ingenuous devices and subterfuges Adrian made use of to exercise, and, at the same time, hide his charitable schemes. I vividly recall an old shoe stand in the novices' wash room. It was a rickety, disreputable affair, which had miraculously withstood for years the onsets of hob nailed and muddy shoes. The shoe brushes were no better. In my time, if memory does not deceive me, the place boasted of but one decent brush, the hair in the others was worn down to the very wood, and it was next to impossible to extract a shine from manipulating them. This was the scene of some of Adrian's triumphs. He was always one of the first to return from afternoon walk, and would stop for a few moments to take the dust or mud from his shoes. About the time that he had blackened them and was prepared to make use of the sound brush to polish them, two or three other novices were sure to come along. Then it was that our young friend's strategy asserted itself. Napoleon or Foch never hid his maneuvers as carefully as Adrian covered up his tactics. He would very carelessly throw down the brush he had been using as if it,

too, were utterly useless, and begin a search among the worn-out ones to see if there was a possibility of finding a brush that would answer his purpose. When the last arrivals had left, he would resume operations with the new brush, but, just as soon as another band of novices hove in sight, it was again carelessly dropped, and his search for a fit instrument was begun afresh, though he knew full well that the quest was a vain one, that it was as fruitless to endeavor to discover a serviceable brush in the pile before him as to stumble upon El Dorado. Then, too, the quest was rather painful at times. This attitude of alertness, of forestalling to his utmost the many little wants of his brothers was quite exacting, a daily martyrdom in fact, but . . . Well, charity was worth it all. What was it David had said? "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which costs me nothing."

Another place where Adrian won fresh laurels was the refectory. I cannot recall that he ever had a preference for one dish above another, yet he did have an uncanny way of knowing the favorite dish of those about him. He would call the waiter and request him to bring more and then pass it on to his companions. On such occasions, too, he partook sparingly of the food in question realizing that his fellow novices liked it and that perhaps the supply would run short.

At this time also Adrian developed a strong inclination for washing dishes. He seemed to think that he was just fitted for this work and that the lighter and the cleaner tasks of spreading the table cloths and arranging the plates would be better done by his fellows. Many a cynic will smile at these manifestations of Adrian McCormick's charity, but let the cynic remember that the greater part of the work of the world is never given to the public without being previously

subjected to more or less frequent rehearsals. Not alone in music and the drama must the performers, over and over again, repeat their parts both alone and together until they are so perfect in them and have acquired so much ease in their performance that the danger of mistake is reduced to a minimum; but also in other less intellectual endeavors there must be a complete test before a finished object is given to the world at large. One of the great firms of this country engaged in the manufacturing of locomotive engines never allows an engine to leave the yard until it has travelled a thousand miles inside the yard. This same effort to reach perfection by means of silent steady repetition is shown in the training of a soldier. He is drilled for weeks in the awkward squad before being allowed to join his more experienced fellows. Why, then, should we object to the Almighty following the same plan in the formation of a soldier of the Cross? Why smile at the first efforts of one of His recruits who, when the days of probation are over, will be allowed like David of old to walk forth and defend His name against the Philistine?

CHAPTER II

"And if any man think himself to be religious, not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his own heart, this man's religion is vain." St. James I. 26.

WHOEVER would use words with discrimination must recognize their inevitable limits. The word *innocence*, for example, creates within us pleasant feelings. We easily associate it with purity of heart and life. We mourn its departure from ourselves or from others, and long in vain to return to the state which it signifies. Yet in so doing it is easy for us to exalt it in our own minds to a higher position than it really deserves. For innocence, no matter how attractive it may appear, is nevertheless a negative quality. It is the absence of something wrong, but not necessarily the presence of something right. In its most common use, in respect to some special vice or crime, it simply means that that particular deed has not been committed. We say that such a one is innocent of the theft or falsehood or evil intention with which he may have been charged, but, while we may be glad that such is the case, that fact does not endow him with any positive good quality. The jury who pronounce the prisoner at the bar innocent of the crime for which he has been tried, do not thereby attribute to him any special virtue. We may rejoice at his acquittal, and sympathize with him in having been unjustly accused, but the mere avowal of his innocence, while it clears, cannot exalt his character.

In former chapters we have mentioned that Adrian was shielded in his childhood and early youth from everything

that could contaminate him, and separated from all evil influences. He was an innocent lad, and, in the estimation of holy men who were for years his confessors, he kept that innocence undefiled and unstained to the judgment seat of God. Yet what delighted us, who were privileged to be associated with him in his early religious days, was to see that, while keeping his purity of heart, he daily gave greater proof of growth in solid virtues and positive perfections. The fair white paper, without stain or mark, has its own beauty; soiled and torn, it is but a wreck of what it once was; but, written over with words of wisdom, or inscribed with messages of love, its worth is enhanced a thousand fold.

Novitiate days are quiet, peaceful, restful, and yet withal dynamic days and filled with silent persistent labor. The babbling brook chattering along its way has little power or force; but the silent swiftly-flowing river carries all before it. I think it is Robert Hugh Benson who aptly illustrates the difference between a religious house where prayer and silence reign, and a home filled with vanity and distractions by comparing the latter to a huckster, who makes a great deal of noise crying his wares up and down the street, and yet receives very little money in return for all his efforts; while the former he likens to a silent, thoughtful financier in Wall Street, whose every move is felt throughout the land.

It is not hard to imagine the impetus a generous soul like young McCormick would receive in such surroundings. In this spiritual hot house the many virtues implanted in early life grew and flourished in an extraordinary manner. One, in particular, claimed his particular attention,—charity. Not alone that positive element that consists in assisting, providing for, and expending one's strength in the service

of the neighbor (which we have seen he possessed in a remarkable degree); but also that equally positive element in the concept of charity which demands that we think well and speak well of others. The writings of the chosen three —Peter, James and John—were especially dear to him, for he knew that they above others had assimilated and transmitted to posterity the true spirit of the Master.

"For we have not by following artificial fables made known to you the power and presence of our Lord Jesus Christ: but we were eye witnesses of his greatness. . . . And we have the more firm prophetical word whereunto you do well to attend, as to a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts. . . . ."

And the lesson or word they heard from the Master was ever the same:

"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood . . . . But before all things have a constant mutual charity among yourselves, for charity covereth a multitude of sins" . . . .

"And if any man think himself to be religious not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his own heart, this man's religion is vain . . . . Even so the tongue is indeed a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how small a fire kindleth a great wood . . . . If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man. He is able also with a bridle to lead about the whole body" . . . .

"That which we have seen and have heard, we declare unto you, that you also may have fellowship with us, and our fellowship may be with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ. And these things we write to you that you may repoice, and your joy may be full . . . . For this is the declaration which you have heard from the beginning that you

love one another . . . . We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren. He that loveth not, abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer . . . . And this is His (God's) commandment that we should believe in the name of His Son, Jesus Christ, and love one another as He has given commandment unto us . . . . Dearly beloved, let us love one another, for charity is of God. And everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God . . . . If we love one another God abideth in us and His charity is perfected in us."

In the world today, men appear to have grown blunted as to the moral vileness of certain things the tongue may utter. They consider as a human birthright the unstinted freedom to blame and to censure, so long as they tell no lie. As a reward for shunning calumny they allow themselves to roam at large over a field of detraction. Scandals are served as a morning repast. Harsh comment on men's doings, quick sounding of hidden motive, unseemly readiness to pass on the evil word—these are common sins in this age of ours. Men and women now ply the trade of moral assassins not so much from malice but simply because they have been touched by the baneful pest of talking too much. No wonder the Wise Man said: "In the abundance of speech there shall not want sin."

Though in a far lesser degree, carelessness and thoughtlessness in talking are at the root of our faults and sins against charity in the cloister, too. Masters of Novices have readily recognized this source, and repeatedly warn their charges to avoid it. In our day—after listening to a conference on the evils of the tongue—not a few of us would earnestly long for a hermit's life, far from the haunts of men; and not obtaining this, we would resolve on a life of very strict silence. For

two or three days we kept heroically to our purpose. Even in time of recreation our companions could scarcely pry a word from our lips. Quite naturally they were under the impression that we were either sick or laboring under a severe temptation,—the change in our manner of acting was too radical not to be noticed and commented upon. Superiors interrogated us and advised moderation with the result that, generally speaking, we more than made up for the self-imposed silence by our increased loquacity.

With Adrian, though, there were no spasmodic efforts; quietly and steadily he traveled along the road of silence and interior recollection. And still with all his peaceful ways and unobtrusive manners we never thought him sullen or morose. His gentle, kindly smile prevented us from forming such a judgment about him. He was cheerfully silent and consistently so.

Many a young religious will pass the years of first probation in an exemplary, edifying manner. He will spend his time striving after the virtue of silence and the interior spirit, but the years blunt his enthusiasm, studies sap his vitality, and worldly distractions dampen the ardor of his soul. He seeks occasions for diversions,—little infringements, little exemptions from the common routine. He visits, by way of relaxation, a fellow student's room; he chats with him an hour or two; he expresses his views on individuals both civil and ecclesiastical; he denounces their personal conduct and their method of procedure. He has misused time himself: he has squandered the moments of another: he has, worst of all, broken the "bond of perfection"—broken that spiritual electrical current that exists among men: he is not alone a nonconductor himself, he is preventing that current from reaching others.

Among what we call the petty worries of life that of intrusiveness occupies no mean place. Could we correctly estimate, not only the innumerable annoyances to which it subjects men and women, but the waste of precious time, the distraction of power, and the consequent loss of value to society, we should hardly esteem it a petty evil but one involving more serious injury. Men who are eminent in any department of life suffer especially from this cause. They are often persecuted by letters and visits from multitudes of people who desire only to feed their vanity or indulge their curiosity. They are beset with all manner of criticisms, favorable and unfavorable, absurd proposals, frivolous questions, requests for favors and influence, congratulations, condolences, petitions without end. Each one of these intruders thinks himself or herself ill-used if no notice is taken or answer made. Whereas if they were all attended to, the time of the man thus importuned would be entirely consumed, and his own proper business by which he so greatly benefits the world would remain undone.

Doubtless, many persons commit this injustice thoughtlessly, and without any intention of victimizing the one they thus beset, or of injuring his usefulness. But thoughtlessness is itself a species of selfishness, and cannot excuse such practices. It is a matter of thankfulness to have in our country men and women eminent in their various walks of life. There are, of course, proper ways and suitable seasons of openly honoring their merit, but one great means of showing our appreciation and gratitude is to leave them unobstructed and unhindered in their labors.

It is not alone great men who suffer from intrusiveness. Every one is liable to it. In religious life it is not such an uncommon thing as one would think. Unfortunately the kinder

and more sympathetic natures are the most exposed to its influence. The cross-grained and selfish man is generally left alone—few care to run the risk of interfering with his privacy; few venture to ask a favor of him. He is left in unenviable solitude. But, while his warm-hearted and benevolent neighbor certainly does not covet such isolation, he is often seriously hampered by the opposite extreme. His good nature is imposed upon by those who have no claim on him; he is called upon to make sacrifices of time and strength which he cannot rightly afford, and he is often forced into the unpleasant dilemma of choosing either to appear ungracious and unkind or to neglect his plain duties and positive obligations.

Upon this rock not a few persons of amiable disposition, but of weak will, have floundered and been wrecked. It is cruel and ungenerous to present such alternatives, and those who do so deserve the mortification of being summarily refused. One of the plainest of human rights is the right to be let alone, and to be allowed the privilege of exercising our benevolent facilities and extending our sympathies in whatever direction we prefer, a right which cannot be invaded without tyranny.

Adrian McCormick succeeded in preserving inviolable the virtue of charity because he avoided the remote occasions of offending against this virtue,—he kept silence strictly and consistently. Unless necessity called for it, he never visited the rooms of others, and then it was to stand by the door and transact his business as quickly and expeditiously as the case demanded.

However, he never permitted his love of silence to deter him from vindicating the reputation of an absent brother; nor did human respect ever make him desist from raising his voice in vindication of one who was maligned. The Wise Man

tells us that there are times when speech is unseasonable, but he also says there are times when silence is wrong and even cruel. If there is much said that should never have been breathed, there is also much that ought to have free utterance which is never spoken. It is impossible to estimate the amount of happiness and benefit that is suppressed by this untimely silence. A group of persons are discussing the character of one, known, perhaps, only slightly to most of them. Some one speaks disparagingly of him, or relates some incident tending to lessen him in their esteem. Another who is present knows this to be incorrect, but, instead of vindicating him from the false charge, says nothing. He may be shy of expressing himeslf; he may persuade himself that it is not his affair; he may dislike to appear antagonistic; whatever be his reason, he does the absent one an irretrievable injury by a silence that we must characterize as cowardly. The unfavorable impression which he might have corrected sinks into the memories of those who have heard it, and is probably never entirely effaced. Had he simply uttered what he knew to be true at the moment of need all this would have been prevented.

Adrian always felt that, when the character or conduct of any absent one was assailed, it was the path of kindness to refute it, if possible, or, if this could not be, to present some point in which he excelled and which would turn the scale of esteem in his favor. For, when all is said and done, it still remains true that there is in each one of us a mixture of good and evil, admirable and blamable, and the way we are judged depends largely on where the emphasis is laid. Life is a ledger and a good bookkeeper pays attention not only to the debits but to the credits as well. Therefore, all good-will and charity demand that, while we bury our neighbor's faults in oblivion, we speak freely and fully of his excellencies.

Many of us thought that Adrian was somewhat scrupulous on this point of charity, so sacred did he consider the character of an absent one. We often on purpose, and just for the sake of amusement, would begin to discuss the traits of one not present in the hearing of young McCormick just to watch his method of action. It was a very straight-forward action; with him there was only one rule of the road—"turn to the right"—and he did this—quickly. We never got very far with our nonsense; Adrian's seriousness and aversion to anything bordering on offences to charity compelled us to desist.

I recollect quite vividly a heated discussion we had one day during tertianship. It occurred in recreation time while we were all gathered one early spring day under the "tertian's tree"—a majestic live oak that grew on the hillside and commanded an excellent view not only of the valley in front of us but also of the Santa Cruz canyon on our left. The conversation turned on the life of an old Jesuit who had been quite prominent in Alaskan affairs and who had died some years previous. The attitude the majority of us took was that he was personally a very holy, enthusiastic religious, but on some occasions he had not shown very good judgment. This really upset Adrian's placid disposition to quite a degree, and he became very indignant at the point we had taken. Again and again he rallied to the defence of the memory of his friend, and I think it was the nearest approach to anger I ever witnessed during my years of close association with him. Many of us on the other side became quite indignant too, for, as far as I remember, we were—speaking from the standpoint of moral theology—within the law. Tertians are apt—at least during the beginning of their last year of probation—to put just a little too much stress on the value of moral theology,

and forget that the saints had another standard to guide them, that their norm was generally the more perfect thing, the more pleasing action in the sight of God.

Anyway, for some days after the above-mentioned incident, we commented on Adrian's conduct when he was absent; and, I fear, ignored him when present. Without a doubt he knew what it was to be a pariah, like a leper, as it were. For it must be borne in mind that you will find, even in religion, at times, some stray members of the Griddle School of thought. Members of this school place everyone on a griddle and roast them to a cinder. The Griddle School affects tremendous cynicism, and has the deepest and most supercilious contempt for everyone, from the highest superior to the lowest; and has the heartiest hatred for everything—except their own opinion. They are omniscient, and they are all wise; they can fathom the deepest and most hidden motive, and you cannot discourage them. If one of them had seen Peter curing the man at the door of the temple, he would have ascribed Peter's action to the desire for preeminence and authority.

However, these criticisms never appeared to affect Adrian. When human events went against him, when fellow associates reproached or snubbed him, it did not disturb his peace of soul, at least not externally. Doubtlessly, deep down in his heart the wound hurt, but he was too brave a little soldier to ever let it appear. We at times fancy—and erroneously so—that the only wrecks are those we see along the sea-swept strand; the greatest disasters are beyond the naked ken, they lie hidden beneath the waves of the mighty ocean.

And I think it was thus with Adrian. He was quite sensitive and deeply felt rebuffs, yet he controlled himself astonishingly well. Never a whimper; but at the first opportunity, he stole to the chapel, and there spoke out his heart

and his sorrows to the King. Who shall tell of those cherished moments? Who shall describe the solace they brought! They renewed him spiritually, and, to a certain extent, physically. His face became less drawn, less haggard: it was more restful, more hallowed. Just as the sunsets have an added brilliancy after a rain-drenched day, just as the autumn sun with a bar of light can, in a few seconds, change the gloomy woods into a thing of glory, transforming the fallen leaves into piles and piles of copper, so came the Prince from the presence of his King.

Was life hard and burdensome? Not at all! Life's little periods of adversity were nothing but a background, like the gray walls of a gallery against which splendid pictures stand out more splendid still. Opposition and criticism brought home to him more vividly than aught else that in the gallery of his life there hung but one picture. Jesus! Jesus, all desirable! Jesus, all satisfying! Jesus with the quiet pleading eyes and the irresistibly sweet haunting voice whispering into his ear in these moments of sadness words of hope and encouragement: "Blessed—blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

CHAPTER III

"Whosoever is a little one, let him come to me."
Prov. IX. 4.

OUR physical light comes from above. We look to the sun to guide us by day: to the moon and stars to direct us by night. Our moral light, too comes from above; and the world today walks in darkness and the shadow of the valley of death because it has turned away from the sources of light that were meant to illumine its path. This accounts not alone for the intellectual stumblings of the present but also for the vast amount of unhappiness among the men of today. Divorce, verbal sophistries, suicide are a few of the many avenues by which they hope to obtain surcease from this malady. But the evil grows apace, and cannot be cured by any of these substitutes. Disease is never wiped out by spreading it. The remedy is above; and man is doing violence to his nature by not looking there for aid. "Ad astra" is more than an empty slogan. It answers an inmost longing of the heart. Man endeavors almost unconsciously to bridge the void between himself and his Home. He is forever turning his gaze "beyond the star dust and the stars." And that is why the building of the Tower of Babel is quite a pathetic incident. The deed itself was commendable: the motive was wrong and vitiated the whole action, and aroused the wrath of God. Because of their pride He confounded them in the conceit of their hearts.

On entering the novitiate, young McCormick had resolved on reaching heaven by the dual way of charity and purity.

He would plant these two virtues in his heart and tend them and wrap them about each other so inextricably from trunk to tendril as to form a leafy cable upon which white flowers and red would grow one against the other. And at last his cable reached the skies, for the roots thereof were laid deep in the earth—in the earth of humility. It was that virtue which kept his charity aglow: it was that virtue which guarded and sheltered his innocence of heart.

When any of his companions thought he had slighted them, or were laboring under the impression that he had done them a wrong, his manner and gentle ways, louder than any words, made answer:

"If you are provoked at me, let me tell you that you are not half as provoked as I am at myself! I am capable of doing the vilest of things, and am only surprised that the offence is not greater." Such an attitude and such a humble demeanor were unanswerable. The ones who imagined themselves wronged were quickly enlightened: they went away convinced that after all the fault was on their side and not on his.

His disgust and hatred for new clothes continued from the novitiate till death, and manifested itself in many ingenious ways. Not that he was slovenly and untidy—never that; for everything he wore was neat and clean. But he abhorred in a religious any trend to ape modern styles in dress and apparel. As a consequence that scarecrow of present-day dress,—the patch, held no terrors for him. Some of those he had were quite prominent and by no means small; and he wore them much as a general would a medal, or an ex-service man an empty sleeve. I distinctly recollect that the sub-beadle was kept quite busy taking Adrian's old clothes to the tailor shop. Like a second-hand automobile, they

needed continuous repairs. He was quite exacting, too, whenever an undershirt or handkerchief was missing from his wash, and kept gently prodding the custodian until the missing article was found.

Adrian never completely recovered from the surprise he received when admitted into the Society. He always considered that a special exception had been made in order that one so unworthy might remain in the order. The lowest offices and the poorest room he thought his due. During tertianship there was not sufficient accommodation in the novitiate itself for all the fathers of the third probation, and Adrian and another father took up their abode in a rather dilapidated old cottage a few yards from the main building. It was a damp, dark structure with a leaky roof, and had been used as a temporary dwelling place for our exiled fathers and brothers when they were driven from Mexico. Besides the many annoyances incidental upon living in a place of this kind (he was obliged to carry his own water, build his own fire, etc.,) there was the added inconvenience of having to make numerous trips daily to the main building—and this often in rainy, stormy weather—to be present with the community at the various exercises the rule prescribed. Yet here he remained until his last sickness.

His mother, on her last visit to Los Gatos, a couple of months before his death, mentioned to him that she thought the place rather unhealthful, and advised him to ask to be changed to the novitiate building proper. But Adrian would not hear of it.

"Why, mother," he replied, "I am going to the Missions where there are many more hardships and privations: I must become accustomed to the little ones here, if I hope to bear

up valiantly under the ones God has in store for me in the future."

Another manifestation of his humility and the low opinion he had of himself was the manner in which he guarded his eyes. In his estimation human nature was a volcano which —if given favorable conditions—would belch forth death and destruction without a moment's notice. Naturally, then, he was ever on the qui vive lest he supply these "favorable conditions." Inordinate curiosity he considered one of them; and he so trained himself that even the more extraordinary occurrences of life failed to distract his mind from the unum necessarium. Flowers might bud and bloom and fade, railroad trains might collide, accidents occur in the streets, kingdoms rise and fall, but for him—for Adrian McCormick—one thing alone was important, and in comparison to this everything else was a side issue—an incident—an event not worthy for his eyes to dwell upon; or to ponder over in his heart.

Thursday is our vacation day at Los Gatos; and it is generally spent at Villa Joseph, a summer home among the redwoods, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, about five miles from the novitiate. We walk there in the early morning in bands of two or three, and return home in the late afternoon, in time for supper. On rare occasions it sometimes happens that the novices and juniors go to villa on the same day, though this does not mean that they intermingle since each are assigned their respective places for amusement and recreation. And then, should it chance that a novice and junior be on the sick list, they ride together in the provision wagon with any of the fathers who may be too old or too weak to walk.

This day there were five of us; Adrian—who was still a novice and convalescing from a recent illness—made up the quintet. A week or two previous, the Rector had purchased

a pair of young mules for work in the vineyards; and a father, who was teaching the juniors at this period, drove the span. This man was thoroughly convinced of his knowledge of horses and of his dexterity in handling them, though in the interest of truth I must confess that I have met few Jesuits with this accomplishment. Our scholastic training and environment unfit us for many of the practical pursuits of life, this among them. Nevertheless many of us lay claim to skill in horsemanship and our driver of that day was among them. His exhibition, though, was woefully deficient, and my only charitable alibi for him is that a man may, perhaps, be an expert horseman without having any experience with mules. For beyond the town, where the road through the canyon parallels the railroad tracks, the animals became frightened at an approaching train and began to back us over the embankment. An old Spanish father, seeing the turn events were taking and realizing the imminent danger we were all in, made hasty preparations to jump from the wagon, but was stopped by a scholastic—a teacher of the juniors, too—who quietly turned to him and questioned: "Father dear, have you an inordinate attachment to life?"

At this juncture, I turned to see how the father took this sally, and my eyes rested upon Adrian. He was reading the little office of the Blessed Virgin, and not only then, but even afterwards, I fancy he never knew we were in any danger at all. His whole appearance and deportment plainly indicated this; and to me was one of the most remarkable examples of interior concentration and recollection I had met with.

Adrian humbled himself in many other ways, too. When ever going on a journey, no matter how short it might be, he invariably went to the room of his superior and requested his

blessing. On these trips, besides a disreputable-looking suitcase that reminded one of the kind typical farmers are represented as using, Adrian carried an old, green umbrella. On the morning he left for Fort Bragg—the last mission he gave on earth—I was in my room after breakfast talking to another tertian. We heard the front door close, and the father looked out, and then said to me,

"There goes Adrian (like Xavier of old), with his green umbrella and his Uncle Joshua suitcase to conquer the world for Christ!"

Sure enough it was he starting out with swift nervous strides along the hot dusty road. He might, by simply asking for it, have had an automobile to take him to the depot. He might have gone forth thoroughly equipped for his task—well apparelled and with every reasonable comfort. But no! His heart was not in these things,—in a well-groomed appearance, in personal magnetism, in external weapons; his heart and thoughts were back among the Judean hills, and in spirit he ever heard the words of the Master: "Go: behold I send you as lambs among wolves. Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes."

We watched him until a turn in the road hid him from view, and then went about our daily avocations: yet strangely enough his image remained in my mind during the day, and I noticed my companion of the morning was impressed by what he had witnessed: his demeanor was more composed—he was more recollected, more serious than usual. It could not be otherwise; for when we are intimately associated with a noble soul, of lofty intellect and strong spiritual ideals, he seems unconsciously to shape us to his own mental likeness much as a seal upon melted wax.

CHAPTER IV

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."
Luke xiv. 26.

TO MANY it may appear strange that, though desirous from his eighth year of being a Jesuit, Adrian did not actually enter the company until he was twenty-one years of age. But this was not the lad's fault. He made two unsuccessful attempts previous to this: One when he was fourteen; another when he was eighteen. On both these occasions superiors refused him. He was delicate, they said, and needed building up. Fresh air, freedom, sunshine, rest,—these were imperative necessities in his case. Besides, with the exemplary environment at home, there was no danger in his remaining out as long as possible.

"The year Adrian entered Los Gatos," writes his sister, Rose, "we had taken a summer home across the bay from San Francisco. When he went over to the college to beg to be admitted, he asked me to pray much for him. He was so humble and had such a deep veneration for the Society of Jesus that he feared he was too unworthy. When he was accepted, he went to mother about a week before the feast of the Transfiguration and said he desired to go and receive the habit on the feast of the Assumption. His mother replied:

" 'Adrian, had you not better wait until we go back to the city? Your father took this residence in the country so that you would have the benefit of the rest and air to grow stronger.' "

"Adrian said: 'Well, mamma, I can be accepted now; later on I might lose my health and could not be received. To be a religious is the highest vocation. You have always taught me to strive for the highest, and that is what I am now doing.' "

It was another way for him to say: "I must be about my Father's business." And so he obtained the desired consent, and on the eve of our Lady's Assumption, in the year 1904, he was heartily welcomed at the novitiate by Father Dominic Giacobbi, the Master of Novices.

Long before Adrian's entrance, he had met this pious director, and had conversed with him of spiritual matters and the requirements of religious life. Fr. Giacobbi recognized in him a young man much farther advanced in the ascetical life than the ordinary postulant; and from the very beginning of his career as a Jesuit treated him as such.

Most of us, after breaking family ties and leaving friends and relatives behind, found the routine of novitiate life rather lonesome at times. We had our spells of nostalgia, and, on rare occasions (when nobody was looking), some few of us indulged in what is supposed to be the exclusive indoor sport of women—we enjoyed a good cry. The homesickness of one novice in particular took a peculiar and rather amusing form. He hailed from Chicago, and found Sunday the most dismal in all the week. It appears that it was his invariable custom, before his entrance, to spend a couple of hours every Sunday afternoon during the summer in attendance at the baseball games. Hence Sunday afternoon at Los Gatos was a period of dour memories and of sad regrets. He mentioned his depressed state of mind one afternoon to Adrian in the hope of receiving some word of consolation, and said:

"Just think, Adrian, this is Sunday afternoon! The White Sox are just finishing their game in Chicago."

Before young McCormick had a chance to wedge in a spiritual prop, a fellow novice demanded: "Say, what knothole had you?" Needless to say all spiritual advice was quickly drowned in peals of innocent laughter.

With this novice, and with the rest of us, too, Father Giacobbi was quite indulgent in the beginning. He was aware that we still felt keenly our recent separations from parents and loved ones; and so he permitted us to write home at frequent intervals. But with Adrian it was different. It was not necessary to feed him on a bottle: he was ready for more solid food. He could even thrive on rebuffs, refusals, humiliations; and Father Giacobbi took good care to see that he received them.

When Adrian had been three or four months at Los Gatos, his mother, in one of her visits to the novitiate, remarked to Father Giacobbi:

"Adrian writes home but seldom: is it the rule?"

He replied: "I refuse him because as yet the cords are too tender. Later on he will write oftener. But now his heart yearns for his sister: he is very lonely for her."

She said: "——— And not for his mother?"

"Ah! yes, for his mother, too. But his sister was one with him. They played together; had all their childhood hopes and fears and joys together. And this yearning is not like anything else on earth—so strong, so intense. But he is brave and will overcome all that might menace his vocation for the love of God."

And the Master of Novices, whose only desire was to make of the lad a spiritual athlete, a soldier, a Napoleon of Rome impervious alike to banter, applause or criticism, a man fit

to cope with and conquer all temptations,—the Master of Novices began to exercise him and fortify him against what, to generous high-minded souls is generally apt to prove a source of weakness—their intense and sometimes inordinate affection for relatives and acquaintances.

A common method of testing and exercising the humility of novices in our day at Los Gatos was the custom of being obliged to ask permission of the Master whenever we desired a haircut. The operation itself was a primitive one, consisting solely in a generous use of the clippers. The hair was thus cut close to the skull, much after the manner in which sheep are sheared. When it grew out again, the hair was naturally as long at the back of the neck as on top of the head. We would then approach the Master, and ask his permission for a cut. This, on general principles, he frequently refused. Then our troubles began. The hair on the back of the neck would begin to curl and rub against the collar of the habit. And thus at every move we were conscious of the awkward appearance we made, and the crying necessity of a haircut. To outsiders, this might appear as a small trial indeed: yet to novices who had not entirely thrown off vanity and self-complacency in respect to their personal appearance, it assumed gigantic proportions. I know of one Jesuit who confided to me that it was the hardest humiliation of his earlier days in the Society. And on one memorable occasion he imagined that he just could not persevere in the Company—that the life was too severe: this was when he had made the fifth unsuccessful attempt to obtain a hair cut!

With Adrian this sort of humiliation held no terrors. For, to all outward signs, he had no human respect in his make-up; and little or no vanity in his outward mode of dress. The master at once realized this, and, generally

speaking, did not try his virtue along these lines; but readily assented whenever he asked to have his hair cut. But he did take every opportunity of driving home to him the necessity of ordering and spiritualizing the close bond of affection that bound him to his parents and sister.

One afternoon McCormick and a novice of Irish extraction who had the unusual distinction of being blessed with a large crop of red hair were having their heads sheared in true convict style in the recreation room. The tonsorial "artists" (ars est celare artem—be it remembered!) had nearly completed their tasks, when they glanced up to find the master standing in the doorway. He took in the scene before him for some moments in silence, an amused and kindly expression playing about his mouth; then he walked over and inspected the work of the "artists."

"My! My!" he exclaimed, "that is fine! Adrian's mother has written to say that she wishes a lock of his hair. We have plenty of it here—plenty! And different color—too! We need not stint her at all, at all!" And he picked up some of Adrian's auburn curls and some of the straight red patches from the head of the Irish novice that lay strewn about the floor; and took them away with him as a relic to Adrian's mother.

Now young McCormick knew well not alone how to accept a humiliation or a reprimand, but—what is better still—he knew how to profit by it. Though as novices we never discovered in him any special attachment to parents or relatives, we noticed nevertheless that he took the above-mentioned incident deeply to heart. He reflected on the motive the Master had in view in administering the rebuff; and that his reflections ended in an iron-clad resolution that colored his after life in the Society may be gathered from his words

to his sister, Rose, when he met her in Portland on his way to the tertianship.

"Adrian," said she, "will you ever come back from China?"

"Well, sister, what do you think I will do?"

"After a few years," she returned,—"after a few years you may come back to see your relatives, for a rest, for a change of climate."

Adrian's expression, usually so mild, changed to one of grave determination, and the glint of steel came into his eyes; and he said:

"No, sister, never! Those who come back from the missions, unless it be for grave reasons, are the greatest detriment to them. When we offer ourselves for the foreign field, it is to spend ourselves and to be spent, to give our strength, our health, our life for the salvation of souls."

THE FOURTH PART

Scholastic Days

"Let no man deceive himself: if any man among you seem to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise. For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. For it is written: 'I will catch the wise in their own craftiness.' " 1 Cor. II. 18, 19.

CHAPTER I

"Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, and is easily seen by them that love her, and is found by them that seek her." Wisdom VI. 13.

SPRING is here once more; and spring in the south is a glorious thing. The evenings especially rivet the attention, and give one pause. A riot of color in the West when the sun sinks into the horizon,—blood-red, orange, vermilion; then more subdued, purple, lavender, holly; and finally, navy gray, then darkness.

Across the campus come the voices of children, softly, ethereally. A lull of silence as a little bell tinkles out on the night summoning all students to come in-doors, and prepare to retire. Then "taps," and peace and quiet. For Ignatia and her companions the day with its manifold worries is at an end.

Gradually, the far-off, snow-crowned peaks of the San Bernardino mountains become more distinct, more ghost-like, for innumerable candles have been lit in the skies and the moon, like a big lantern, soars above them. It peeks through the pepper trees; it flits about the palm leaves, and on everything and on everybody it weaves its spell. The school buildings and the little Church are soon enveloped and bathed with an unearthly, frost-like grandeur. It turns the water spouts on the lawn into multitudinous bubbles, and one can almost see fabled little elfs,—creatures composed of moonlight, tinsel and thistledown playing about in the mist.

And the first thought that comes to an oldster is: Ut quid perditio haec—why this waste? But then he remembers that this grandeur, like the ointment Mary poured over His Sacred Body, is given as a memorial of Him Who once lived on this earth and sanctified it with His Presence; and just as that story of the spikenard will float down through the centuries as the symbol of love and self-sacrifice, so also, until the end of time, will the beauties of this old earth of ours speak to us of His beauty and His love and His self-sacrifice for us. And the oldster with tears of happiness in his eyes accepts these blessings, though it is always with bowed head and with a silent prayer of protest: "Domine non sum dignus!"

These earthly splendors find a hearty welcome in the heart of my young friend, Ignatia. Just the other day I came upon her rather unexpectedly. She had a text book of American history in her lap but her soft, far-away look convinced me that she was not studying but dreaming. Her first words were conclusive proof that I had read her aright.

"Padre," she mused, "wasn't that a glorious day we had last October at the beach? And really is it not too bad that one has to study and prepare for examinations? All of to-day's sunshine is wasted on me—I cannot enjoy it because of that"—here she shook the book of history at me to claim my attention—"because of that fast-approaching examination."

"Well, Ignatia," I replied, "that picnic was to you as 'roses in December'."

"Roses in December?"

"Sure! Something pleasant to recall when times are hard and the outlook dreary."

"Oh! O-o-oh!" she drawled; and then her eyes brightened and her solemn little face broke into a quaint smile as the meaning of my words dawned upon her.

"And will there be a picnic after the examinations this year?" she inquired.

"Yes, indeed, Ignatia. And that is just as it should be; for the heavenly Padre has prepared an everlasting picnic for those who come off successfully in the great final Examination. Just think of that! A glorious picnic not for a day only—forever and forever!"

"But Padrecito," she wisely insisted, "these examinations always come before the picnic. And they are dreadful—like being executed."

"Nonsense! Examinations are mere formalities; a mere bagatelle." I like to confuse my little friend and prick her curiosity by using words she does not understand. It has a stimulating effect on our conversation and usually ends by her heaving a sigh of contented relief as she grasps the idea behind my words.

"Yes," I continued, "examinations are just like the ghost that has been appearing nightly over in Alessandro Hall—terrifying in outward form but in reality nothing to be afraid of."

"Ghosts?" she questioned with awe.

"Certainly! Yesterday I asked Woody Joe if he had seen the apparition (Woody Joe, be it known, is a Paiute Indian of seven summers; quite a sedate and likeable little cove), and Woody very gravely replied: 'Yes!' "

"And what did Woody do?" interrupted Ignatia.

"Woody told me that he was so frightened that he just hid his head under the pillow of his bed until he went to sleep."

"Did anybody else see it?"

"Yes. Steve Swain saw it, and a number of others, too."

"And do you know, Ignatia," I continued,—"do you know I finally asked William Red Cloud about the ghost (William is a young Sioux from Dakota), and William hung his head and with an embarrassed smile told me that he was the ghost. After his companions had gone to bed, he had wrapped a sheet about him, and impersonated a spirit. That—" I concluded,—"that is what you are making of your examinations—a bugaboo!"

And then we talked about the Prince. And I told her that tests never bothered him or disturbed the serenity of his life. When he took his first vows on the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, on the 15th of August, 1906, study was the order of the day; yet weekly reviews, and monthly tests, and annual examinations held no terrors for him. He was the same at the beginning of the scholastic year as towards its end—always genial, always happy, always above our petty worries, like a gilded cloud on a sunset sky.

I attribute his peace of soul during student days to a two-fold cause. The first was that he did not permit work to pile up on him. He conscientiously performed his tasks from day to day: he was not only physically present as the teacher explained the matter assigned for to-morrow's class, but mentally alert as well. This, combined with his superior intellectual talents, rendered success in his studies a foregone conclusion.

The second cause—and by far the more important—came from his unswerving determination to copy the Man-God as far as it was humanly possible. In "The Deserted Village," Goldsmith's picture of the old preacher in which he compares him to a tall cliff at whose base the storms strike and break, but whose pinnacle is always bathed in peace and sunshine, is a truthful portrait of every spiritual man. Be-

cause of their close union and love of God, the things of earth are looked upon from a philosophic standpoint and from a utilitarian standpoint. The saints, wherever it was a question of salvation, possessed one-track minds; and rightly so because that is the unum necessarium. Whatever they accomplished intellectually, socially and morally for the world—and no one has yet given them their due in this respect—has been done because of their Christian philosophy of life; and because of that, too (their philosophy of life) their works remain,—substantial, permanent contributions to civilization in the highest sense of the word. And yet, their intellectual pursuits, their social undertakings, their moral reforms were to them, so to speak, as pastimes, diversions and not really important in the light of eternity. Gloriously they went through life and, like almoners—which they really were, bestowed quite indifferently huge sums of the King's treasures on those they met by the way; yet never once cast envious looks behind to desire the transitory baubles of this world. To them nothing earthly was really worth while. They spent their days like blacksmiths welding their souls into the image of the Master, and paid no heed to the intellectual sparks cast off in the course of the main work.

Somewhere in one of his epistles, Saint Paul speaks of using all his endeavors to "know the supereminent science of Jesus Christ,"—that was Adrian's attitude. Examinations, vacations—nothing interfered with it: and therefore it is not strange to have him write in this strain to his beloved sister shortly before she became a nun.

Sacred Heart Novitiate,
Los Gatos, California,
February 2, 1908.

Dear Sister:

Your welcome letter arrived yesterday, but I was somewhat disappointed with its contents. For you said nothing about that which I was so anxious to hear. Perhaps you only intended to postpone the narrative till you should have more time to go into details. I shall expect then to hear more about the result of your trip so far, and of its continuance, the time of setting out again, the spot to which you look most expectantly and hopefully.

So you have meditated deeply and frequently upon the little motto that Father Rector sent you? It is by serious meditation that all-important truths sink deeper into our souls; we see them in a stronger, ever-increasing light and then by humble, unremitting prayer,—prayer full of child-like confidence we obtain the grace to put into practice the knowledge we received. How secure a refuge prayer is? Let us never cease to pray; for Our Lord has promised all things to prayers; our salvation and every grace conducive to it are dependent upon our fidelity to prayer. And let me add another brief thought about trust in Our Lord. I read lately in a precious little book of St. Alphonsus Ligouri "On Prayer," that in time of trial and desolation we ought to force ourselves to pray, and that Our Lord is greatly pleased to view our efforts "hoping against hope," struggling against any feeling of distrust or discouragement; He will remove all obstacles in His own good time.

And now I will bring my letter, or perhaps you would call it a sermon, to a close. But do not forget that the preacher also needs prayers.

Your affectionate brother in the Sacred Heart.

Four months later we find him writing again, this time from the villa:

St. Joseph's Villa,
Santa Cruz Mts., Calif.,
June 30, 1908.

Dear Sister:—

As you see by the heading of this letter, the vacations have already begun and there is a good opportunity to write to you.

How glad I was to learn that you have at last begun to climb up the path to perfection, the way leading to Calvary, rendered so sweet and so easy of ascent by the example and company of Our Blessed Saviour! Courage, then; be very generous, remembering that He who has called you is ever at your side to assist you and to speak so persuasively by His inspirations, so eager, moreover, to hear and to grant. Turn then to Him continually and pour fourth your whole soul with sweet confidence into His Sacred Heart! In return for this entire trust He will make you feel the power of his love by giving you an ardent desire for the highest perfection, the closest imitation of the virtues of His Divine Heart. Then you will be eager to make sacrifices for Him, to receive humiliations, to deny your own will in the numerous occasions of the day,—occasions which may seem small but are in reality most precious in the sight of our Blessed Lord, Who sees our loving intention and all the desires and movements of our hearts. What a happiness to be, even in the slightest degree, consecrated to Him; to know by a lively faith that we are ever under His personal direction, that our whole day and every action is regulated by His voice speaking through our superiors and our rules. What an endless number of helps! People in the world must wait a long time before they can obtain a spiritual guide, but we as religious have those who represent Our Lord very close to us, our superior and our confessor. We have only to unfold before them our whole souls, all our faults, temptations, weaknesses, troubles, desires, heart-burnings, and then obey with the trust of a child.

Well, here I have been all the time "bringing coal to Newcastle." You must pray very much for me that I put in

practice all that I have written. Do you often read the fifty-fourth chapter of à Kempis? When you are reading it, look up at our Lady of Good Counsel, and beg for ever increasing light and strength.

How happy I was to hear of the favor you received on her feast! You will be ever thanking so good a Mother for the grace of your vocation. When I received your letter, I took up a picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, which was given me by Father Master during the novitiate, and thanked her over and over again. Then during the past month how often I recommended you to the Sacred Heart of our loving Saviour. I am sure that you do not forget to pray for me in return, especially when before Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and when He comes to you in Holy Communion. These are precious moments whose value we will never understand until we are forever united to our Beloved Master in heaven. What happiness will then be ours! Which of us will be the first to reach the goal? We do not know, but let us strive with a holy emulation to reach that perfection to which we are called, praying for one another, and for all who need our prayers; and we will be generous asking more for them than for ourselves. Then let us keep before our eyes the example of the saints, our true brothers and sisters, who as religious followed the same rules, fulfilling the slightest wishes, the good-pleasure of their loving Master. See St. Stanislaus, how swiftly he advanced in the course of perfection! Ten short months in the novitiate made him a saint, for he corresponded fully in every least task or circumstance with God's grace, never stopping to look back, but ever running onward with the speed of ardent love towards the shining goal. Let us often and fervently beg his assistance, confident that with God's all powerful grace we shall reach that perfection which from all eternity has been Our Lord's fond wish for us.

Your affectionate brother in the Sacred Heart,

ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

CHAPTER II

"Place thy treasure in the commandments of the most High, and it shall bring thee more profit than gold."
Eccles. xxix. 14.

"CHILDREN OF THE SUN" is the name we would give them, but they rendered this meaning in their own tongue by the word Spokane; and it is from this Indian tribe we have the city of the same name. These Indians, in early days, before the advent of the first Jesuits, considered themselves as especially favored by the sun and placed themselves under its special protection. And indeed there is an objective foundation for this belief. The Spokane valley is sheltered by neighboring mountains from extreme cold and from the high winds that prevail at times in surrounding localities. Here Old Sol loves to linger; and as for the sunsets, I have never seen, not even on the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico, such a profusion of coloring or such exquisite blendings of the same.

How very befitting then that Adrian, the beloved child of the Divine Sun of Justice, should be sent to this spot to continue his studies. Here, as in the novitiate, he is marked out from the others by his deep interior spirit and his exact observance of the rules. All light in the heavens at night is reflected light—reflected from the sun; and the planets must keep in their own orbit to fulfil their destiny. In the spiritual world the same truth holds good; we must ever stay in the path God has pointed out to us if we desire to be successful reflectors, if we expect to radiate happiness and

warmth and cheer the lives of those we come in contact with. Young McCormick was deeply imbued with this truth; and always kept his heart and affections turned towards God. Nor would he allow any worldly inclinations or distractions to take root in his soul. Quickly he plucked them out, even to the smallest. He never took any "chances" as we would put it; for he knew that taking chances breeds carelessness: and carelessness means ultimate ruin. Like the Rhenish sailors who kept away from the Lorelei and Ulysses who lashed himself to the mast while his boat passed the Sirens' islands, Adrian McCormick bound himself so closely to God through his rules and through the wishes of his superiors that the call of the siren held no attractions for him. Unreservedly he gave himself to Christ; always and forever he desired to be His servant, His slave. And what a faithful little slave he was! "I have made a vow," he told the Master of Tertians, "never to break any of our holy rules deliberately." And we who had the privilege to know him and—what is more—to live with him can bear testimony to the heroic way he kept that vow. Many hagiographers have written from outside knowledge; they have perhaps never known the subject of the life they are writing, or, if this favor has been accorded them, their knowledge of him has been gleaned on rare occasions when they met him as an acquaintance, as a confessor, as a friend. Yet there never was a truer adage written than the one which says that we have to live daily with a person to find out his real worth and holiness. Adrian McCormick stood the test of living intimately with his companions,—many of whom were of a hypercritical turn of mind—and, though they witnessed his behavior in many unfavorable circumstances and conditions, they nevertheless are unanimously agreed that he never lost his spiritual peace of soul or con-

ducted himself in any manner at variance with the highest standards of the ascetical life and the rules of the order he had obligated himself to observe. And this esteem of his virtues is all the more precious since it has come unsolicited, and as a spontaneous testimony of what they thought of their quondam friend and fellow religious.

Nevertheless we have other means of obtaining an insight into his interior life than the written statements of his friends and companions. We have his letters; and these reveal a soul all on fire with love for God and the things of God. "Keep those letters you receive from Adrian," counselled Rose's superior when she entered religion,—"keep his letters, for though it is not customary to do so, I think we should make an exception in his case since they are the letters of a saint!" Happy thought to preserve these models of what a religious epistle should be. We of today find it hard to speak of spiritual things or to write on pious subjects; but not so Adrian; his treasure was in heaven, and his thoughts, affections and all his aspirations were centered there, and from the abundance of his heart he wrote and spoke. Nor, with all his ambitions to be utterly consumed with love for God and to die a martyr in China, was he impractical in spiritual matters. "Whatever the future may bring," he says, "the present is the only sure time we have to attain sanctity." And, like a shrewd little merchant, he used this time to traffic until the Master came, to learn more about the King and to get closer to His Sacred Heart. Many of his letters ask for a life and death in union with the Sacred Heart; and in one place he says, "May we have just one moment to recollect ourselves and then breathe out our souls in contrite love of the Sacred Heart!" This fervent devotion of his to the Sacred Heart was a personal intense love for Someone Whom he seemed

even as a child to have known intimately. As a school boy he would walk along in silence on Communion days, and make his sister, Rose, do likewise, though it was a forty minute walk from their home to the college chapel. But forty minutes was not too long a preparation for him to make for the Eucharistic meeting with his "Divine Friend." For even at that age he had many many things to speak to Him about, and many many favors to ask of Him.

On April 10th, 1910, he writes to his sister Rose from Gonzaga College:

Dear Sister:—

If my letter is late in bringing Easter greetings, I trust that I have, in some way at least, made up for my delay by praying for you and your intention, and begging Our Risen Lord to grant you His most precious favors, that rejoicing with Him in His glorious triumph, "your joy may be full."

I am sure you have done your part in praying, and offering whatever sacrifices and sufferings Our Lord may have presented to you, for all those who have a special claim upon your help. For by prayer, by our toil and suffering united to the pleadings, labors and sufferings of the Sacred Heart, we can exercise a world-wide Apostleship. How many chosen souls, who had not the opportunity of laboring exteriorly for their neighbor, in teaching or preaching, for example, have in the hidden life of their cloister and the innermost cell of their hearts, by praying, suffering, offering themselves as perpetual victims, in union with the Sacred Heart, Who in the Tabernacle continually exercises and teaches this Apostleship; how many of these devoted souls have converted hundreds, yes thousands, and spread far and wide, even to the ends of the earth, the sacred fire of God's love!

But you know and practice this Apostleship already. I learned many new things about it in Father Ramiere's book, "The Apostleship of Prayer," and in that of Father Lyonnard, "The Apostleship of Suffering." The latter shows how suffering must ever be united with prayer, that the two ever

go hand in hand, the frankincense is ever blending with the myrrh, and both burning on the altar of a loving heart, send heavenward the "odor of sweetness," the plea, which when united to that of our Mediator, will ever be heard. Father Lyonnard dwells a long time on the fact that the sufferings of the Christian are the sufferings of Christ, Who deigns to continue in him the work of Redemption; and all He seeks from His members is that they unite their sufferings to those of their Divine Head, that they may be rendered all powerful in bringing souls back to Him. By this union with our Lord, our acts, and sufferings and all our works, become divine; and therefore we should have one aim, one constant exercise, of doing, suffering all in union with the bleeding Heart of Jesus, Our Saviour. "We are all members of Christ's mystical Body." These thoughts I gathered from Father Lyonnard, and I trust that they will help you. I pray that you will become one of those generous Apostles of prayer and sacrifice. You, on your part, beg Our Lord to grant me, to grant many many souls the grace to become loving, special victims with Him for the saving of souls.

Now I must bring my letter to a close, again promising and begging prayers. I made that special intention for my first Holy Mass as you told me. Beg Our Lord to grant me the grace, the priceless grace of fulfilling it. Have great confidence in the intercession of Saint Ignatius, on whose Feast you received the white veil, and in Mary, our most loving Mother!

Your affectionate brother in the
Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

Adrian from earliest boyhood had a deep and lasting devotion for the crucifix. When he was seven years old he met for the first time the Redemptorist Fathers who were giving a mission in his parish church; he saw too the people buying pious articles at the church door. He had plenty of these at his own home, and so he saved his pennies and each year bought a crucifix. He was passionately fond of these

crucifixes, and at last he was able to buy a large one such as the Fathers use while giving a mission. Then his joy knew no bounds. He kept it until he entered the novitiate. This love for Christ and Him crucified is well brought out in the following letters:

Gonzaga College,
Spokane, Washington,
Aug. 5th, 1912.

Dear Sister Mary:—

It is now, very probably, that you are having a good opportunity to exercise that spirit of detachment of which we spoke, and I am sure you will make good use of it for the love of the Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother.

A few minutes ago, I finished reading that beautiful letter of Reverend Mother Catherine Aurelie Du Precieux Sang, Foundress of your Institute.

Any words of mine would be unable to express what my sentiments were when reading it. For me it shall always be a precious treasure, an inspiration to greater generosity in the service of Our Lord, and to apply, by every possible means, especially by the Holy Sacrifice and Holy Communion, the Most Precious Blood for the salvation of souls.

The little book, "Sitio," is another treasure. Every word in it is one of fire. After reading it, one feels the necessity of testifying our love for Our Crucified Saviour by an ardent desire and a ready acceptance of suffering and sacrifices. In the midst of these sufferings, the soul is truly happy, because she knows she is with Jesus, her Love Crucified. The more her love for Him increases, the more she will suffer, since suffering and sacrifices are the gauge of love, and does not Blessed Margaret Mary say: "Pure love is pure suffering!"

The other book "Flowers of the Cross," is very beautiful. That prayer "To Our Immaculate Mother" will be a favorite one for me, henceforth, and I will say it also for you. I am sure you will say it sometimes for me. What precious graces Our Immaculate Mother will obtain for us as She stands beneath the Cross, offering the Divine Victim, "fortissima

omnium''; the most courageous, the most valiant of the followers of the King of Martyrs!

The large Crucifix is now on my desk. It will remind me to pray very often for the generous giver, and for the whole community.

Father Minister told me to inquire of you the price which the Sisters ask for crucifixes of the same size and kind, since he is anxious to obtain some for several of the rooms.

Tomorrow, the Feast of the Transfiguration, will be the anniversary of my receiving the Cassock of the Society. Remember me in your prayers during the Novena of the Assumption!

Your affectionate brother in the
Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

Gonzaga University,
Spokane, Washington,
December 23rd, 1913.

Dear Sister:—

May the Divine Infant grant you the choicest blessings of His Sacred Heart and keep you ever close to His New Crib, the Altar, a victim of love and reparation with Him, in continual sacrifice for the salvation of souls! May His Most Precious Blood fortify you, make you a martyr of love, and be for you a source of countless graces and true joy, especially during the coming year! True happiness is to be found in the Cross alone. ''O how happy are those,'' exclaims Saint Francis Xavier, ''whose only consolation is in the Cross of Christ!''

Beg the Divine Infant, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, that we may ever be among those happy ones! He will readily grant all the petitions offered through the hands of His Blessed Mother.

We will thus offer them especially during those precious moments when the Spouse of our soul is with us sacramentally, when the Divine Heart Itself pleads within us; and whilst He immolates Himself in the Holy Sacrifice, and whenever we visit Him in His Prison of Love. We will offer them not only

for ourselves, but for our superiors, our communities, our religious order, for all. And now let me thank you for the beautiful pictures you sent, for the Calendar, and be assured that I will daily pray for the donor, and also for your intentions.

Remember that this is my last half-year in Philosophy, and by fervent prayer to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary obtain for me and for our class that we may by constant diligence and fidelity coöperate with the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and reap the fruit in the end, which He desires for His greater glory!

Your affectionate brother in
Corde Jesu,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

Dear Sister:—

Your welcome letter describing the beautiful celebration of those most solemn days of the whole year, the days of Holy Week, made me feel as though I were again kneeling in the sanctuary of that blessed Chapel of the Precious Blood. The adornment of the Repository on Holy Thursday must indeed have been beautiful! I will never forget how the little crimson lamps, glowed and throbbed like so many fervent, yearnings hearts, in honor of the Heart Divine, on the day of your Reception, and I look forward with joyous anticipation to the coming of that thrice-happy day when you will be "Sponsa Cordis Jesu in aeternum." It will be a second baptism, and the laving stream will be the Most Precious Blood.

Many thanks for the beautiful picture you sent. Of course I will keep the beautiful verses on the vows. How sublime those closing thoughts: "Mon unique amor est crucifié . . . . Et je suis *volontairement* crucifiée avec Lui . . . . Je suis unie a Lui *pour jamais sur la Crois!*" In them the whole perfection of the religious life is set forth in a few words. They remind me of an ejaculation which was often uttered by one of our Fathers, and which contained, he said, in one brief phrase all of perfection: "O Sacratissimum Cor Jesu, *pro me amore apertum,* da mihi exire *omnino a me in Te,* ut *Tecum*

in Cruce vivens et moriens magis diligam Te et imiter!" One can offer this petition to the Sacred Heart very frequently, even without words, by a look, a sigh, a yearning of the heart: "A me, in Te!"

Many thanks for your prayers in my behalf, especially on Holy Thursday. The only way I can pay my debt of gratitude is by the same holy means of prayer, and I will do so with the help of Him, Who is daily made a Victim for us; and when that happiest day of my First Holy Mass comes, I will not forget those prayers, but will repay with interest and a hundred-fold through Him, Whose pleading is of infinite power, Whose oblation is of infinite value.

The latest mail from "1524" brought with it a very edifying little booklet entitled, "The Shower of Roses," or an account of some of the graces and cures obtained by the intercession of Sister Theresa of the Child Jesus. What marvels the pleadings of God's intimate friends, of the Spouses of Christ Crucified, can work! Here is an humble religious, who in life and still more after death, exercises by prayer and sacrifice alone a world-wide apostolate. Let us then use these powerful means with ever increasing fervor and we will bring many souls captives of love to the feet of Jesus, Our King.

Do not cease to ask of Our Lord for us, who are in our studies, the grace to make great strides in sanctity and knowledge, according to His best-pleasure, for His greater glory, and for the salvation of souls! Entreat these favors through the intercession of Her, Who is the "Seat of Wisdom" and the "Queen of Apostles!"

What we ask through Mary, Jesus will readily grant. Let us ever go to Him, speak to Him, keep united to Him, through Mary, His Beloved Mother. Her Immaculate Heart is the link that unites our hearts to the Adorable Heart of Jesus.

Remember especially "Coram Sanctissimo," two of our community who are sick; one of them, a scholastic, almost died a couple of weeks ago, but he is improving now. Our lives are in God's hands, and the most perfect disposition

is to remain entirely abandoned to His best-pleasure, "in manibus Tuis"; He is our Father most loving and compassionate. May He bless you with His choicest graces in Christ, Our Risen King!

Your affectionate brother in Corde Jesu,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

Dear Sister:

Your welcome letter bringing the beautiful description of your vow day is before me as I write, and also the beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart, with the words "Effundetur in remissionem peccatorum." It will remind me that I must pray often for you, and the picture I sent you will remind you that you have a like duty to fulfil. The other picture with the words of loving invocation, "Cor Jesu, Fons vitae et sanctitatis!" is very beautiful. The names of the two doves ought to be reversed however; and let it be our mutual prayer that both ever dwell within that Divine Ark of Refuge, that both unceasingly draw from that unfailing Fountain the waters of life and holiness. Oh! when we deeply realize that all our happiness is to be found in this Refuge, all our strength and joy in this Fountain, how small and worthless do all things earthly become, and our hearts begin to yearn for the happy moment when our Beloved shall call us that we may behold Him face to face!

It seems to be rather selfish for us, who have done and suffered so little in imitation, in union with our Blessed Lord, to be so eager to arrive "where suffering and mourning shall be no more"; but if the desire springs from love, if the Holy Ghost be its author, we know that it is pleasing to God, for it is always full of resignation. You must make up by your fervor for what is lacking in my thanksgiving to Our Lord for the great grace of your religious vows! And let us keep constantly the union of prayer in the Sacred Heart. There are so many intentions for which I might ask your prayers: but it will be simpler to ask you to include them in a general way in your own daily ones. However, one of the Fathers, who has but lately undergone a severe operation, and for

whom I had asked your prayers, told me that I should thank you, and that being still convalescent, he needs more prayers. While I was visiting the hospital, I saw a boy who graduated from the College about a year ago, named Peter Gendreau. He has galloping consumption, so the doctors say. His sister is also a victim of consumption, so he told me. You knew her in the Novitiate. I am sure you will pray very earnestly for both of them that they may accept God's Holy Will with resignation and joy; and that, if it please Him to cure them, they may consecrate their lives to Him in a very special way. Let us continually thank Our Blessed Lord that He has spared us to toil and suffer a little longer for His love, and especially in a state where we are so intimately united to Him, the one Beloved of our souls!

Your devoted brother in Corde Jesu,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

CHAPTER III

"How great is he that findeth wisdom and knowledge but there is none above him that feareth the Lord. The fear of God hath set itself above all things. The fear of God is the beginning of his love." Eccles. xxv. 13, 14, 16.

THE life of a student—and he be worthy of his calling—must of its very nature be one of isolation and retirement. Not without reason have poets and dramatists pictured him as inhabiting garret places, away from the turmoil and bustle of the world, and associating with others only when the necessities of nature and the requirements of student life demand it. For, though he may live in the heart of a city, he must sedulously keep its distractions and its allurements out of his soul; he must cultivate in his heart a little citadel whence he may retire betimes with his books, an upper chamber with only his dreams and ideals and ambitions for companions.

And if this be true of secular students, much more so does the case hold in respect to those who are religious. The real scholastic is known by his spirit of retirement, by the hidden life he leads,—alone with God and his books.

Adrian was dreadfully afraid lest the time and application he gave to his studies would sap his love for things spiritual; and in point of fact he gave more and more time to prayer and meditation as the appointed period for his examinations approached. Of this time of his life, one of his companions in philosophy, and a close associate of Adrian's writes:

"I always found Adrian a model of piety and conscientiously exact in the discharge of his duty. He had determined

to become a saint, and worked to this end with his whole heart and strength. Human respect had absolutely no place in his heart and one could not help noticing his great fidelity to little things. He was sacristan of our house chapel, and how he rejoiced in the charge! Not infrequently he was seen there, especially during the hard days which preceded the final examinations, talking things over, as it were, with the All-Wise Friend he loved so well.

"As his companion that year at the Italian Sunday School, which we had organized at North Division Street, I had many a chat with Adrian. On the way out, we generally talked of China; and his eyes would sparkle at the mere mention of that land of his dreams. We were accustomed to take turns in addressing the children before the end of the session; and I at once recognized the great power Adrian possessed as a speaker. With apparently little or no difficulty he held the complete attention of the children. On one occasion he had delivered a vivid sermon on the Saviour's death and crucifixion; and two of the youngsters who were present were so impressed with his words that, after the sermon, one of them rushed at the other, and throwing him down, pretended to nail his hands, saying: 'You are Jesus Christ! I nail you to the Cross!' Poor Adrian, thinking the boy was blaspheming, forcibly separated the lads and severely reproved the one who had spoken, telling him that it was a grave sin to blaspheme. For a while I thought the boy was going to kill Adrian. Temper in Italians of that class is terrible; and I had to endeavor to quiet the lad since he had lost his head completely. But it was of no avail,—he so threatened Adrian, and promised that his father would come along with a gun to avenge the supposed wrong inflicted upon him, that I advised Adrian to stay away the next Sunday and allow the incident to blow over. But Adrian would not hear of such a course; he was perfectly fearless, until,—until I demonstrated to him that he might be the cause of another committing a grievous sin, and then the case was won; my saintly companion was perfectly resigned, and content to follow the plan I had traced for him.

"On other occasions we would go to the hospital to visit the Japanese and Italian patients; and it was astonishing to witness the zeal and fervor with which he spoke to them of God and the things of the soul. All these incidents, as also my close intercourse with Adrian, persuaded me that the young man was a saint, and I found it very difficult, when I heard of his death, to offer suffrages for a soul I was convinced had already received the reward of eternal glory."

Adrian had other means, besides teaching catechism and visiting hospitals, of keeping aglow his fervor and zeal during the arduous years of study incumbent upon him as a scholastic. One of these was his habit of having frequent conferences with the spiritual father of the house wherein he dwelt. As soon as class was over, he would make a little visit to the chapel; and these visits, by the way, were in themselves little sermons on the presence of God. His manner of genuflecting both on entering and upon leaving the courtroom of the King, would perceptibly increase one's faith in the abiding residence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. His external deportment, his modest reverential behavior, his down-cast eyes,—these spoke louder than words of the glowing certainty that possessed him. After leaving the chapel, he generally walked over to the college building proper to consult with his spiritual director, or to ask advice of the Rector about any matter that might occupy his attention. On these occasions—and in fact, on most occasions—he carried a pious book under his arm, and if the spiritual father was occupied or the Rector engaged, he spent the time waiting for them in reading the book he carried. He was so gracious in allowing others to precede him, that often he consumed hours in this manner. Yet this rather trying turn of affairs never disturbed his patience. He did not begin to look around, as most of us did, and stand, first on one leg then on the other. No,

quietly and modestly he made his spiritual reading; and then took up another book on philosophy or chemistry. Nor did the fact that he had spent an hour or a half hour in pious reading during the day prevent him from giving the allotted time to this same subject in the evening.

One day in early spring I passed through the corridor of old Gonzaga rather late in the afternoon; and Adrian was standing outside the Rector's door. An hour later I passed again, and he was still there. Not an unusual scene, nothing out of the way except,—except that it was springtime, and the sun was setting in the West and throwing its last rays through the large window on the form of Adrian and the scent of lilacs came in from the garden below; and somehow he seemed a part of the picture,—the saints on the walls recognized him as a brother, the sun had placed an amber aureola on his brow, and he was as much at home in those monastic surroundings as,—as a ship is in the sea. Perfectly happy in his one great ambition to love God and serve Him alone! Perfectly content in possessing Him, to lose all else! "The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want!"

Religious life was meant to be a heaven and a Gethsemane to those who embrace it. A heaven since it places before men the real solid joys of the soul; a Gethsemane since it purifies the soul by suffering so as to relish and appreciate these spiritual delights. When we find that we experience neither of these states in religion, when we travel along in the ordinary routine way, tolerably happy and tolerably comfortable, it is high time to enter into ourselves, examine our conscience and see if we be not leading a tepid, worldly life.

To Adrian, religious life was a heaven. There were times when, after conquering self and refusing to kneel down and adore the world and the maxims of the world, angels—angels

of consolation—came and ministered unto him; times when, with Mary of old, he just sat at the Master's Feet and drank in with great humility the words that fell from His Sacred Lips,—"Yea, Lord, for the whelps also eat of the crumbs that fall from the table of their masters"; times when, in a spirit of exultation and holy joy, he asked with Peter to remain forever on the mountain with Him Whom he loved; times, when the King was his Guest in Holy Communion, and with Anthony he exclaimed:

"Jesum brachiis tenere,
Atque totum possidere,
O quantae divitiae!
Cum Maria conversari,
Ei Natum amplexari,
O quantae deliciae!"

But, alas! there were other times too. We do not always see the sun: if it shone continually upon us the earth would soon become parched, dry and arid. And so we have gray days and dark days and rainy days. In the human heart too it is not all gladness and sunshine; there are dark, cold, wintry periods which chill the spirit, and even freeze it entirely unless it be kept warm by the fire of Faith. And yet withal the trying times are fruitful too. The wintry winds that tear the leaves from the tree and render it to external eyes a dead and useless thing, have no power over the tree's life below the earth's surface. It sinks its roots deeper and deeper during this time of adversity; and emerges in the spring in all its glory—a stronger, healthier, more vigorous tree because of the storms it has withstood.

Adrian's periods of desolation and adversity came from a two-fold source. Firstly, he had his physical infirmities to contend with. Wonderfully astute he was in hiding these

from the gaze of others. We always knew he was delicate and frail, but not until his sickness during the influenza epidemic —a month or two before his death—did I discover that his body was practically a mass of sores and boils. It came about in this way: He walked one day into the infirmary and we found he had quite a high fever, and a congested condition in the lungs. After ordering him to bed and prescribing for him, I suggested to the brother to give him a good camphorated rub. The brother came back to tell me that Adrian did not wish this at all; and I, thinking this attitude of mind came from a delicate sense of modesty and from nothing else, insisted on the orders being carried out. He was quite docile when the brother came a second time to perform his task; and it was then we discovered the real reason for Adrian's refusal, and the sorry plight his poor body was in.

I never knew young McCormick to be troubled much with boils on his face or arms: the only reason I can assign for the presence of these sores is that our saintly little friend had scourged himself too violently years before and had never given these spots a chance to heal. Poor Toots in Dombey and Son used to say when anything untoward happened to mar the serenity of his existence, "Well, it's of no consequence!" Adrian had this ordinary disregard for suffering supernaturalized to the nth power. On each of the sores he had placed a Sacred Heart badge as much as to say: "God will take care of these now—it's of no consequence!"

Another element that increased Adrian's cross to a considerable extent was his indomitable determination to avoid even the slightest faults and imperfections. In his untiring efforts to observe to the utmost jot and tittle the many demands his rule made upon him, he naturally came into frequent conflict with his companions who were not so exact or particular

about little things as he. "Adrian is scrupulous," some of them said, "and he shows poor judgment on occasions." Whereas the fact of the matter was that Adrian was not scrupulous but gifted with a great delicacy of conscience that recoiled from the least shadow of sin. As for his judgment, in matters spiritual it was soundness personified; in matters temporal, the only fault that might be adduced—if fault it could be called—was that he viewed these transitory affairs from an altogether spiritual vantage ground.

Yet be the alleged excuses what they may, Adrian assuredly experienced at times the opposition of his brethren. Some of this came from a spirit of worldliness and selfishness because they knew that he was not only holy but, underneath that child-like simplicity humility and innocence, that he was learned and brilliant as well: some of it came too from the fact that his exemplary life was a reproach to their methods and their carelessness in small matters. St. Aloysius, St. John Berchmans, St. Stanislaus,—they all passed through the same ordeal. It's the badge the saints all must wear,—the badge of the Master.

These and similar opinions, never influenced Adrian. At this period especially we find him giving heroic examples of the highest sanctity, for he never wavered an inch nor compromised in the least. A scholastic who was with Adrian and witnessed the ordeal he was passing through, said with deep regret: "I wanted to be good and kind to Adrian and to show him that I appreciated his efforts in keeping the rules so perfectly and leading a life of interior holiness but human respect often conquered me. I often left unsaid the word of encouragement and of cheer that mean so much when one is fighting without support."

This young man, and many others who knew Adrian at this time, are now quite enthusiastic about him. I might insert their testimony as to his heroic character and sanctity; but, alas! it looks too much like opening a coffin after a loved one has departed. Our gifts to the neighbor ought to be part of life, not of death.

And so the Prince walked alone at this troublesome epoch. Yet not entirely alone since he had one confidant who never failed him—the Sacred Heart of his Saviour. To Him he poured out his sorrows; to Him he told of his great affection and love for his brethren, and how their carelessness wounded him to the quick. And the Master in return admonished him to ever bear in mind that the disciple was not above the teacher; that if they have called the good man of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of his household; that though he may not actually be placed on a gibbet and then laid in a sepulchre, he may experience nevertheless a daily crucifixion, and undergo nevertheless the desolation and abandonment akin to the isolation of the tomb. And the Prince took the words of the Master to heart; for we find him writing at this period, time over time: "Pure joy is pure suffering!"

My dear Sister:—

How glad I am that you are making earnest preparations to labor for our Blessed Lord, that you are striving to draw all your knowledge from the Sacred Heart "in Whom are contained all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Have confidence then, humble and unbounded, that your efforts will be successful. In the devotion to the Sacred Heart we have the shortest way to all perfection. Let us continually beg the Immaculate Heart of Mary to obtain for us a most ardent love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, a love shown in deeds, by sacrifices, by our joy in suffering and toiling in imitation of Him. For, if our love be sincere, strong and deep, we will yearn to suffer and to be despised that we may resemble more

closely our Divine Model. "Pure love is pure suffering," are the words of Blessed Margaret Mary. Is not this our whole occupation in the religious life? To love, to suffer lovingly, that, with Jesus Christ, Our Beloved, we may be nailed to the cross?

You spoke very truly of the dignity and merit of the priest in offering the Adorable Sacrifice. Continue to pray that, if it so please our Lord, I may one day be allowed to offer up the All-atoning, Immaculate Victim! Pray especially that I may live and die a true Jesuit; and attain that degree of perfection, which Our Lord from all eternity desired me to reach!

Your affectionate brother,
ADRIAN.

I spoke awhile back of Adrian having but one confidant—our Blessed Lord; he had another in his spiritual father. Holy Scripture advises us to be at peace with many, but to let one in a thousand be our counsellor. Our little friend followed carefully this sage warning. He never spoke of his crosses, his disappointments, to us. We never knew much of the inner workings of his soul; that to him was something sacred—a land apart, and only the Master and the Master's representative had the key to the gate thereof. Whenever he fancied he was becoming lax on any point of rule, whenever the opposition of companions became too great, whenever his burden felt too heavy; off he would go to the spiritual father; and there he would stay—at times for hours—speaking of his difficulties, explaining his weaknesses, asking for advice and aid. And the extraordinary thing was that his studies never suffered from the large portion of the day he gave to spiritual things. Father Giacobbi, who knew Adrian not alone in his last years, but was his Master of Novices in the beginning of his religious career as well, writes to his sister at the time of Adrian's death:

"He was a saint in the true sense of the word, and I more than anyone else could say so because I knew him so well. His innocence was angelic and his faith, strong and pure and ever active and vivid, made him walk unflinchingly the higher paths of perfection. Who can boast of ever having seen him transgress a rule or deviate ever so little from the lofty ideal of perfection as a companion of Jesus and a follower of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, in whose footsteps he had resolved to walk? He had excellent talents for philosophy and theology, sciences which he preferred to all others because they brought him more immediately in contact with God and are more powerful instruments to do good to souls. He had great success in his studies in which he was helped not only by his assiduousness but also by his docility to all the directions of the Church. We thought he would hold the professorship of one of these sciences some day in our scholasticate. Even in far-off China his talents would have won recognition. But our good Lord, Whose designs are ever adorable, has willed to take him away from us, and to blast all our expectations. We adore His Holy Will and lovingly submit to it.

"You, dear Sister, may congratulate yourself that you had a brother who was a saint, and feel bold to ask the Lord for any favor, since your holy brother is interceding for you. And what should be the joy of your good parents who gave him so generously to God in seeing that he succeeded so well in that which was their chief desire—his perfection. I know the faith of your dear mother, and while she grieves over her loss (how could it be otherwise since he was so dutiful and worthy a son?), she rejoices in spirit and sings spiritual canticles to God who has blessed her so wonderfully in dear Adrian.

"Our young fathers who studied with Adrian in Montreal relate extraordinary things of him. I have no doubt whatever

that in praying to this brother of yours, who so loved you in life, you will obtain all sorts of favors from him.

"Please comfort your dear mother for me.

"Sincerely,

"Father D. Giacobbi, S. J."

CHAPTER IV

"If I speak with the tongues of man and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." 1 Cor. XIII. 1.

"Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectae
Adferet indomitaeque morti."
Odes of Horace, Ode 14, Bk. 2.

THE SHORTNESS of life, the duration of eternity are seldom fully grasped by the worldly wise; the saints alone view these two states in their true perspective. Adrian was very much like a busy housekeeper preparing for a number of guests,—he made every moment count; and yet his multitudinous tasks were never performed feverishly or with undue haste. He held time in its right position. Not as something trivial did he consider it, like the old Spaniards, who thought that time was made only for slaves; nor, on the other side, did he allow it to inordinately interfere with the thorough performance of his many duties. Nothing was passed over in a slip-shod manner; but quietly and thoroughly accomplished. He was time's master, and right well did he employ the fugitive seconds.

With most of us, our books and the period set apart for prayer and meditation kept us fully occupied during the day; with young McCormick it was different. His laborious hours of study, his close attention to every little obligation of rule, the opposition he met with at times from the brethren, his

natural frailty of body, the protracted period he gave to prayer,—these demands were not sufficient to satisfy his heroic soul. He desired more suffering. "Many waters cannot quench charity, neither can the floods drown it: if a man should give all the substance for love, he shall despise it as nothing."

And so we find Adrian during philosophy taking a special interest in an old broken-down priest who was all but helpless. John Baptist René had deserved well of the Society of Jesus. In the full flush of manhood he had left his native land; and, like the early miners, he went West to meet privations and hardships, and to prospect—to prospect for souls. He cast his lot with the valiant little band of Jesuits laboring in a far-flung field in what was then known as the Rocky Mountain Mission. He was a man of broad views, progressive ideas, solid learning and—best of all, laus Deo!—of a kindly heart. As rector of Gonzaga College he won a unique distinction,—he was loved and revered not only by the students but by the members of his community as well. And as Prefect Apostolic of Alaska he was indefatigable in promoting the spiritual growth of the vast territory under his charge. Toward the end of his career, broken in health, he came to Spokane as spiritual father of the community, and Professor of Hebrew to the philosophers.

In the capacity of spiritual father, Adrian naturally saw a great deal of Father René, as the young man frequently consulted him on the affairs of his soul. Then, as the old priest became better acquainted with Adrian, he gradually began to depend more and more upon him for assistance and help. Adrian served his Mass (which he celebrated in his room), swept and dusted his chamber, made the bed, carried up his meals when sickness rendered it impossible for him

to go to the refectory, visited him many times during the day to supply his little needs,—in a word, cared for him as a son would a father or as a nurse would a patient.

It was quite pathetic to see such a slim fragile scholastic so occupied and so burdened. At times he seemed almost tiny yet fragility was far from being one of his defects. He was rich in courage with which history has endowed the saints, and that more than made up for the physical weakness that was his. If he was slender it was with the slenderness of steel wire. Low in vitality, feeble of body, small of stature, nevertheless his indomitable will power bound these stray strands together into a braided cable, capable of almost superhuman endurance.

Besides fortitude, Adrian had a peculiar talent in caring for others. He was kindness itself; and yet this kindness never showed itself in a blustering, pompous way. No, he was gentle and unobtrusive, and invariably spoke in a tender crooning voice, his words being low and soft as the quiet pitter patter of rain at night, soothing to a tired heart.

His devotion to Father René formed the nucleus for many a joke among the philosophers. There were one or two especially who considered themselves, like Petronius, to be arbiters not so much of fashions as of opinions. These condescended to patronize Adrian, and to inform him that it was a wise course to assist professors,—that it might come in handy around examination time; and they predicted that he would emerge from the examination in Hebrew "facile princeps."

Adrian took these remarks and jokes about himself and charge in a quiet humble manner. He never retaliated but appeared rather to enjoy being ridiculed and made the laughing stock of others. He would smile in his wistful

little way and turn the conversation at the first opportunity. Such little annoyances served only to increase rather than decrease his desire for self-sacrifice, and we find him at this time writing to his mother:

Dear Mother:—

I had forgotten about the promised letter, and now we are on the eve of Ash Wednesday. There is exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all through the day in reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for all the outrages and excesses committed during these days. The boys of the College have come, class by class, in full numbers to pay their manly tribute of adoration and love to our Eucharistic King. From faithful fervent hearts unnumbered throughout the Church to-day ascends that prayer of loving reparation, "Sanctificetur Nomen Tuum! Adveniat Regnum Tuum!"

During the holy season of Lent, you will, no doubt, be very much occupied in helping the "Helpers" (the French religious who were establishing at that time a home of their order in San Francisco). It is certainly a great happiness to be able to lighten the sufferings of the poor and afflicted, and its source is in the words of Our Blessed Lord: "You do it unto me." You will be able to obtain a great many graces for both of us, for the "whole family," as some one used to say, for the missionaries in the "field afar," for the League, Our Holy Father, the Pope, and the whole Church. I saw a remarkable sentence in a late copy of the "Field Afar." Its purpose was to show that he whose heart is large enough to embrace in its solicitude the distant missions will not neglect domestic interests, for "the whole already includes the part" and what could possibly be wanting to one who imitates so closely the generosity and immolation of the Divine Heart!

Asking many prayers for "both of us,"
Your devoted son in Corde Jesu
Adrian I. McCormick, S. J.

In the summer of 1914 Father René was sent by superiors to Seattle for a few months as they deemed the change would prove beneficial. Young McCormick went along as companion and nurse. We have two letters of his from that city, both to his beloved sister.

Seattle College,
July 15, 1914.

Dear Sister:—

It is still the month of the Most Precious Blood, and so I write to you, as you may already surmise, with the object of asking more prayers. This seems rather selfish, does it not? But I remember that the Master of Novices used to say that such selfishness was pardonable, for who does not need prayers? And how will he obtain them unless he ask for them? "Ask and you shall receive!"

We were united in prayer, especially on the feast of the Most Precious Blood, at the Elevation of the Sacred Chalice; and I noted that it was held aloft longer than usual, as the Infinite Price of our Redemption pleaded with irresistible power. Since that blessed day there has been a marked improvement in the health of Father René, and he wishes me to thank you and your community for your admirable charity in praying so fervently for him. Do not cease your fervent supplications, and let us beg the Sacred Heart to supply for all that is wanting in our thanksgiving.

Perhaps you would like to know what was the other intention for which I asked your prayers? Well, it is something regarding myself, but Father René says it is quite proper to tell you. I have, as you know, finished Philosophy, and there may be an opportunity of going to Theology next September. That would mean that I would, please God, be ordained in three years; otherwise it might be necessary to wait five years for that happy day. Father René, as also the doctor, thinks that my health would not last in the work of the colleges. Of course, all is left to the decision of superiors. Pray that God's Holy Will be done!

The Sacred Heart has helped me wonderfully in the final examinations. Commend to that Adorable Furnace of Charity this other intention that the result be for Its greater honor and glory and the salvation of souls. Now is the time to storm heaven as the matter is being considered and weighed. And let us also when the feast of St. Ignatius approaches make a fervent novena to him for these intentions, but above all for the Society which he founded,—the Society of Jesus, that all its members may "walk worthy of the vocation to which they have been called" and the whole body, united ever faithfully to the Pope, Christ's Vicar, may fulfil perfectly the grand aim of the institute "to procure the greater glory of God."

Your devoted brother in Corde Jesu,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

Seattle College,
Seattle, Washington,
July 19, 1914.

Dear Sister:—

There is something good to tell you. The prayers you offered and caused to be offered for that special intention of which I spoke in my last letter, have been answered. This morning, Father Provincial told me that I am to go to Theology this year. Just think what that means! I'll be ordained in three years! Then, please God, I will repay your many prayers and sacrifices by offering Holy Mass for you and your community. It is remarkable that this answer came so soon after I had asked for your prayers. You see that Our Lord lends an attentive ear to your petitions since to offer such is, in a special way, your vocation; and I am sure that some sacrifice, unnoticed perhaps and apparently trifling, must have won this answer from His Sacred Heart. Let us render Him in return Its Infinite Thanksgiving.

Father René is much stronger now; he took a good walk to-day, and climbed a rather steep hill. We visit our Church of the Immaculate Conception each day. It is very large

and beautiful in the interior, inspiring a spirit of deep recollection and prayer.

You will continue earnestly to pray for Father René, I am sure; and we will all make together the Novena to St. Ignatius, which commences next Wednesday, the 22nd, praying for the intentions I already mentioned, and that, if it please God, Father René may be entirely cured; in thanksgiving also for the favors obtained.

Pray besides, during these days, for our community at Spokane, for those who are to make the annual retreat there in preparation for the Feast of St. Ignatius. We will make our retreat later for the Feast of the Assumption; and then, please God, return to Spokane via Portland. This through the kind attention of Father Provincial who suggested that I go and see you. I shall not omit to visit the Mount of "Thabor's Glorified." Another brief intention: pray that I may go to Woodstock, Maryland, for Theology. Father René tells me that would be the best place on account of climate, and for other important reasons.

Your devoted brother in Corde Jesu,

ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

THE FIFTH PART

Looking Toward the Altar of Melchisedech

"The wise man will seek out the wisdom of all the ancients, and will be occupied in the prophets. He will keep the sayings of renowned men, and will enter withal into the subtilities of parables. He will search out the hidden meanings of proverbs, and will be conversant in the secrets of parables." Eccles. xxxix. 1, 2, 3.

CHAPTER I

"And he got his people great honor, and put on a breastplate as a giant, and girt his warlike armour about him in battles, and protected the camp with his sword."

1 Mach. III. 3.

FROM TIME out of mind warriors and warlike deeds have been the burden of songs and romances. In the histories of Greece, Sparta, Africa and Rome we read of scarcely aught else but the panoply of battle, the din of conflict, the glory of victory, the exaltation of the hero of the fray. Nor have modern ideas radically changed this viewpoint of the ages. Today, as in the time of Virgil we sing "Arma virumque" to our children at the knee. We seem to think that a nation's glory is measured by the number of military leaders it produces; and we forget to place before the mind of the younger generation another criterion of glory—another warrior, the soldier of the cross, who first conquers his own cowardly spirit and then fares forth to subject the whole outward world to Christ. Say what we may, we have behind us a military tradition; and we shall never have a virile Catholic life in our midst until we have a Catholic tradition,—until we saturate our children and our children's children with love, veneration and hero-worship for the Saints.

Nor can the excuse be urged that the lives of the saints are generally written in an insipid unattractive way, for, no matter in what way they be written, we can nevertheless interpret them to the little ones in a fashion suitable to their

intelligence and disposition. And what we many times forget is that, though their intellect may not be fully developed, they notwithstanding make up for this by their great simplicity, their innocence, and avidity for stories.

Only yesterday Ignatia, in bringing back some pages from young McCormick's life which she had just read, remarked to me:

"Padre, the Prince was a real thoroughbred!"

"What prompts you to make that assertion?" I question.

"Well, it seems to me that he becomes braver—that he runs a better race as he nears the end of the course."

The child's words were quite true and besides showed the interest she took in hagiography. Always an innocent youth, always an exemplary religious, young McCormick somehow outstrips himself in these last few years of his career. The thought that soon he would be permitted to ascend the altar of God acted as a strong stimulant in urging him on to greater self-sacrifice, to greater generosity. His letters at this period are ample proof for our contention. On September 7th, 1914 he writes to his mother from Montreal:

Dear Mother,

Arrived here at our beautiful scholasticate of the Immaculate Conception on yesterday morning. The prayers offered at Montavilla have brought me safely to another Royal Mountain. This city, as you may have heard, was placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin by the missionaries of the early days. To-morrow, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Mother, all your intentions will be remembered in my prayers. Let us thank the Sacred Heart, through His Virgin Mother, for the ready answer given our prayers. Tell Papa to keep on the firing line, and also that I am learning French.

Well, I will write a longer letter next time. This one was to let you know that I am well, and here, at last, in the blessed haven of Theology. Be assured of a fervent remembrance in my prayers and daily Communion.

Your devoted son in Corde Jesu,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
October 8, 1914.

Dear Mother:

Your last letter was received in due time. During this beautiful "Month of the Rosary" I have not forgotten to give you and Papa a very special intention whilst hearing Mass. If it please God, it will not be long before I can give you both a very special "memento" whilst saying Mass. But in the meantime there is much to acquire. First of all as regards sanctity; secondly, as regards knowledge in that science which is all sacred since it relates only to God, Theology. Your prayers, especially at Mass and Holy Communion, will help very much to obtain this desire of mine.

As yet I have received no word from Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus but I know that she received my letter and is probably waiting to send me a share of the lights she obtained on her special feast day.

That book you gave me, entitled "The Heart of Jesus of Nazareth," was very beautiful and very practical. I read it from the beginning to the end. There is another very beautiful pamphlet, called "O Cor Amoris." The copy you sent is still among my manuscripts. Now and then, I read parts of it, especially the words of Father Pardow where he sets forth so admirably and with such deep simplicity the essence of devotion to the Sacred Heart. The little pamphlet, which you have, published in London, I believe, is also a very simple and powerful explanation of the same devotion.

Trusting for fervent prayers, especially when you are at the "Early Morning Sacrifice,"

Your devoted son,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
October 11, 1914.

Dear Sister,

On the desk before me is a little picture, which on description, you will remember having seen. The chief object represented in it is the Sacred Heart, surrounded by a bright halo from which dart forth long beams of light. From the open wound, the Precious Blood is falling, drop by drop, and lo! to receive them a snow-white dove beneath has bent its adoring head. There beneath is also the missal, and at one side a blessed candle with a lily twined about it, and on the other side the wheat and grapes that typify the Holy Sacrifice. The picture is unchanged just as it was received, not much more than a year ago, when one more soul joined that sacred choir that ever sing a new Canticle, and dove-like fluttered to the foot of the altar, there to be espoused to the "Lamb."

What would you like to know about this beautiful place? First of all, the scholasticate. It is a large long building with two wings; in one of which is our large and devotional chapel, dedicated to Mary Immaculate. In the other wing downstairs is the entrance, the porter's office and the parlor, and upstairs there is a small chapel and the large sacristy that leads into our Church, L'Immaculée-Conception. The Church is one that inspires devotion, large, built of heavy stone, with a tall graceful spire. In front of the scholasticate there is a large garden, and a much larger one behind it with long shady walks amidst tall whispering trees. So now you have some idea of our situation. Next time I will tell you about the beauty of the City, with its wonderful churches, its picturesque mountain, from which it has been named, though

its original name was the "City of Mary" for our missionaries consecrated it to Mary Immaculate.

Trusting for very fervent mementos in your prayers, that all of us may advance with great strides in the service of Our Divine Leader and His Holy Mother, Our Queen Immaculate.

Your devoted brother in Corde Jesu,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
November 12, 1914.

Dear Mother:

Received the two postal cards. The one with the picture of the Mission, Nuestra Senora, was of special interest. The Mission Churches have a beauty all their own, but one must have been in a great and ancient city, like Montreal, to appreciate the excellence and grandeur of Gothic art, in the tapering spires, the lofty arches, the high-vaulted beautifully-frescoed ceilings of stately cathedrals. I use the word "cathedrals," because the churches here are so large and majestic.

So you have been making a visitation not "in the hill country," but by the shores of the sounding sea! What a great grace it would be to bring about the conversion of one, who like Newman is searching for the "Kindly Light!" May the Sacred Heart of Jesus inspire you that you may use the means which is best suited to obtain this happy result, and by His all-powerful grace, complete and confirm it!

How is the work of the "Helpers of the Holy Souls" progressing? No doubt you are doing special work for them this month. Does Papa keep on the firing line? And during your absence has he made the daily protest against Jansenism at the "Early Morning Paradise?" And the League, and the sodality? No doubt he is a fervent promoter and a devoted, regular sodalist. But I am very glad to hear this from you again, and hence I ask these questions.

Just received to-day from California the notice of the death of Brother Burke, who was for a long time with Father Culligan at San José. You will, I am sure, pray for him. Remember also in your prayers some of our Fathers and Scholastics, not of this community, however, who are sick, especially one Father who just came back from France, and a Novice who may not live.

Now is the time to obtain many favors, and to exercise true charity,—the charity that looks to the soul, for it is the "Month of the Holy Souls." And those true friends of God, so dear to Him, will in His imitation, be most generous in returning a hundredfold all that we do for them.

We are now studying "De Verbo Incarnato," the Theological treatise on the Incarnate Word, the Eternal Son of God, made Man for our salvation. This study is full of consolation, full of practical applications, most useful for us, and for our work of saving souls and of spreading everywhere a deep knowledge and love of our merciful Redeemer. When we see so many people hurrying to and fro, distracted, frivolous, or with sinister looks of evil-doers, we cannot help saying to ourselves, "Oh, if they only knew, if they only knew One, Who, with an intense, personal love for each of them, for their salvation, descended from high heaven!"

Recommending myself to your prayers especially "Coram Sanctissimo," and at the "Early Morning Sacrifice,"

Your devoted son in Corde Jesu,
Adrian I. McCormick, S. J.

A few days later Adrian writes to his sister:

Dear Sister,

No doubt you are praying much for the Souls in Purgatory during this month, offering some extra sacrifices, though of course you are habitually mindful of those who are detained in that fiery prison during the other months of the year too. Please remember in your prayers one of our Fathers, Father Nolin, and also a Novice, Brother Coté, who died recently. The Novice died near midnight, on the eve of the

feast of St. Stanislaus. He may already be in heaven with his beloved Patron and Brother.

A few days ago I received a letter from Father René in which he told me that he still wears that little cord which has obtained so many cures, the Cord of the Most Precious Blood. He is very grateful to you for sending it, says that he does not forget you nor the community there, and recommends himself to your prayers. You will, I am sure, continue to pray and obtain prayers for him. From a postal received not long ago from Mama I learned that she has been paying a visit of charity to a sick friend. This woman is anxiously seeking for the True Religion. Pray for her that God may enlighten her mind and strengthen her will to follow the light. What a gift we possess in our Holy Faith! St. Teresa vividly realized this and repeated with deep emotion just before dying: "I am a child of the Holy Roman Catholic Church." And what an ineffable gift we, especially "both of us," have received through the mercy and love of the Sacred Heart to belong to His chosen company of nearest friends, to be His religious. Let us thank Him and beg unceasingly to become saints.

Your devoted brother in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
December 27, 1914.

Dear Mother:

Your letter and beautiful Christmas gift, "the Prayer for Priests," came in good time. That prayer is a wonderful one, full of unction; you may be sure that I prize it highly.

Christmas, in Montreal, the "Rome of America," is indeed a happiness never to be forgotten. The "Cribs," so many, so varied, and inspiring devotion. The fervent worshippers many of them almost as poor as those first ones "the Shepherds," and for this reason, more enlightened to know and feel the wonders which the Divine Infant, reveals

"to little ones":—all contribute to make this Holy Season, in Montreal doubly attractive.

Received word from St. Louis and Woodstock, from our Scholastics, of the California Province, whom I knew in Spokane, and who have commenced Theology this year. They were anxious to know how I was getting along in the Canadian winter and I could tell them that I have been always stronger here, than in Spokane.

It must have been a source of great consolation to you, to see what an interest Father takes in us. His idea of sanctity is certainly a practical one. No doubt it corresponds with that of Father Ginhac, who said once to his Religious, that he intended by the instructions, he was about to give, to lead them as closely as possible in the footsteps of Christ, Our Lord, but that they must remember that those Sacred footprints lead to Calvary, and that if they sincerely loved their Saviour and Model, they must become crucified with Him. This saintly Father Ginhac, was an Apostle of the Sacred Heart. The life must be very striking and inspiring.

Your devoted son in Corde Jesu,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
February 14, 1915.

Dear Mother:

The little book you sent entitled "Supernatural Merit," and your letter arrived in good time. We had just been considering the question of merit, condign and congruous with regard to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord, and hence I read the book with great interest. I have not finished it yet, but will tell you soon what I think of it. If you wish me to return it to you afterwards, tell me in your next letter. If not I will make good use of it.

The incident on the "firing line" was thrilling. A number of like incidents would greatly augment "Supernatural Merit." Although you told me such consoling things

of Papa, especially of his zeal as a Promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart, and of his regularity as a Sodalist, you did not say anything about yourself. If I am not mistaken, I once saw your Promoter's Diploma. In the next letter tell me if you are still a Promoter, and especially whether you belong to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and attend all its meetings. Of course I mean those meetings which are held for the recitation of the Office of the Blessed Virgin every Sunday, after which the members hear Holy Mass in their chapel and receive Holy Communion together. Meetings other than these, that is for business affairs, for entertainments, you would not be required to attend I am sure, if you gave as a reason your absorbing works of charity for the poor and afflicted.

How glad I was to hear that you are reading the "Life of Father Pardow, S. J." We have it here. I found it very interesting, especially since I recalled many of the things narrated, having heard them at the time he was in California giving a retreat and preaching the Lent. Father Giacobbi used to speak very highly of him.

The enclosed card bears a fairly good picture of the Altar of the Immaculate Conception in our domestic chapel. Before it we daily hear Holy Mass and receive "Our Viaticum in Life and Death," before it we are ordained priests, empowered to offer up the All-powerful, All-atoning Sacrifice, before it I daily at the Memento and in the Thanksgiving pray for you and Papa, trusting that " both of you" fervently do the same for "both of us."

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
April 9, 1915.

Dear Mother:

No doubt you are wondering why your last letter was not answered sooner; but I must not begin to make excuses. It is my wish and daily prayer that our Risen Lord may

cause the joy of His resurrection to remain with you always, —that joy and peace which nothing can disturb, which no one can take away, since it is His gift, keeping its place in the inmost soul. Storms may ruffle the mere surface of the soul; storms in some faint way similar to those which the great champions, the Saints and Martyrs endured, or to that immeasurable tempest of desolation and anguish that oppressed the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Gethsemane, but these can never attain the inmost sanctuary, the superior part of the soul, which, like that of our Divine Model, by the power of His grace, remains in peace, that peace "which surpasseth all understanding."

This is what Father Trivelli meant, I believe, when he spoke of sanctity, saying that it is the one thing in which nothing can hinder us; time, place, or circumstance, or person, cannot rob us. And it is granted to those who earnestly beg it, who desire it, and the Holy Spirit Himself inspires and urges us to beg it, "Who Himself asketh for us, with unspeakable groanings." The prayer which He inspires is sure to be heard. When we have attained sanctity, and are progressing towards its perfection, since it consists in the union of our will with the Divine Will (however crucifying that union may be), and since the will is the inferior fortress, the superior part of the soul protected and guided by Divine Grace,—who can rob us of our treasure, who can hinder that advance, which is made under such protection and guidance? All places, and circumtsances, all storms, attain merely to the outer wall of the fortress, provided the interior be entirely abandoned to the care and guidance of its Lord. Father Caussade, S. J. in his little book "L'Abandon a la Providence Divine," which is now translated into English, speaks very beautifully on the simplicity of the soul's co-operation. In one place he uses almost the exact words of Father Trivelli. He shows how "those circumstances" far from being obstacles, are but means to promote the work selected by Wisdom Itself. If you could only read that little book! Lately also I have been reading the Autobiography and Letters of Blessed Margaret Mary. It is a

wonderful life, and an example of how circumstances, obstacles, were but the means of advancement, of glorifying and spreading far and wide the knowledge and love of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Cross, which she calls her treasure in the Adorable Heart of Jesus, accompanied her and her Apostleship at every step, in fact she said she did not know what to speak about unless the subject were the Cross of our Blessed Lord; and that when questioned with regard to the favors He had conferred upon her, she could not speak of anything save of the happiness of suffering with Him, for nothing was so precious in this life—for those who loved Him—than to suffer for His love.

That little book, "The Crucifix," is very interesting and has an unique development, with a special unction. I have not read it all yet. The poem is very beautiful, and has a truly martial strain; and I trust, with the help of God's grace, to fulfill its counsels. Best and prayerful wishes to Papa for lasting Easter joy! How glad I was to hear of his zeal as a Promoter and as a member of the Sodality!

Trusting for fervent prayers,

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,

ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
May 16, 1915.

Dear Sister:

Again the beautiful month of the Blessed Virgin has come and I am sure that you are praying with redoubled fervor during these days of grace, and that I have a share in your zealous petitions "Coram Sanctissimo." Do not forget to make a memento for our Theologians who are to be ordained next month, probably on the feast of Saint Peter and Saint Paul.

We will then have five new priests. Next year there will be nine more, and in the following year, 1917, those who have just begun their course last September hope to be ordained. We are six in number. Next Wednesday we will

commence the repetitions preparatory to the examinations, which latter commence on the 18th of June. You will I am sure daily recommend to the Divine Heart of Jesus Crucified these repetitions and examinations that we may all, by His grace, work zealously and faithfully in them, and that the result be to His greater glory.

You are also busily occupied in learning the greatest of sciences, the science of the Saints, the science of sacrifice in union with the Divine Victim. Close to the Altar, to the daily Calvary, you hear in loving silence the words of Divine Wisdom, the Wisdom of the Cross. "Oh, if Jesus Crucified were to come into our hearts, how quickly and sufficiently learned we should become!" says the author of the Imitation of Christ.

Since I began this letter I received your own from which I learn that you have been favored with a special share in the Cross of your Beloved, the Infant Jesus, sharing in the helplessness of His Crib. Could there be a greater mark of His tender love for you? Surely not, for to His chosen ones and best beloved He ever gives a special share in His Cross, —it is the link which keeps us united to Him, transforms us more and more into the flames of His Pure Love, into the Divine Furnace, the Sacred Heart. Now your prayers united to His ceaseless pleadings on the Altar, your sufferings united to His own, to His perpetual Sacrifice in Holy Mass, will have by His grace a double efficacy; and will cause the merits of His Most Precious Blood to be applied with infallible effect to souls that are dying or even dead. This is my daily prayer for you that you make the best possible use of so precious an opportunity of co-operating with Him for the salvation and perfection of souls! That forgetting as much as possible your own pains you keep your eyes fixed steadily upon Him Who in the tiny crib, and on the Cross, looks at you with great love, consoled and relieved by the reparation you offer His Sacred Heart in suffering with Him, and forgetting self to think of Him and of how much more He suffers, of how men so continually offend Him!

I have written to Father René, and am sure that he will say the Mass you requested for your Mistress, Sister Mary of the Blessed Sacrament, either on the feast of Corpus Christi, or on some day during the Octave. In the letter I asked him to let me know soon so that I could tell you when I write for the feast; and of course I asked him to pray for you especially in Holy Mass. Say nothing of your illness to Mother as it would make her anxious, and you surely wish to spare her any useless worry; besides being in the best of hands, having the care of the King of Physicians, Our Divine Lord Himself. If it is His Will you will soon recover, and it were best in this case that your illness be kept a secret. To suffer in silence, in joy, by the strength of His love Who suffered far more for you,—let this be your constant resolution and prayer!

In your next letter tell me whether you have any Holy Water of Lourdes at the Monastery. If you have not, I will send you some. How often I have experienced its salutary effects! Thanks to the ineffable love of Mary Immaculate! Whether we live or die we are Mary's, and our cherished desire and constant prayer is that we may breathe forth our soul into Her hands, with ardent love and perfect confidence.

Your devoted brother in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

P. S. I saw lately a notice requesting prayers for a religious of the Precious Blood, Sister Mary of Nazareth, who died at the Convent of Three Rivers on the 11th inst. Do you receive a notice there when any of your Order die in Canada? I am almost sure you do, but if not, I will tell you whenever I chance to see such a notice.

"Blessed are they that wash their robes in the Blood of the Lamb: that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in by the gates into the city." Apoc. XXII. 14.

A few days later he writes again to his sister.

Dear Sister:

No doubt you have been striving to make the best of the share in His Cross which the Divine Infant gave you. He

will not give you more to suffer than you can bear for He will always be with you to strengthen you. He will give you especially the strength of His love which is "stronger than death," and by which, esteeming your sufferings light in comparison with His Own, you will even desire to suffer more to be like to Him. "To be like Him," these were the words used by a little Indian boy who was rendered helpless by illness, and who had been asked by one of our missionaries whether he would like to make a novena to St. Ignatius for his cure. "I do not want to be cured," he replied, and, pointing to the Crucifix which hung near the bed, he added, "I want to be like Him."

This anecdote made a great impression when told by one of our Fathers during the annual retreat. In it we are shown in a simple way what is the Third Degree of Humility, the height of perfection, the closest possible imitation of Our Blessed Lord. When we come to desire sufferings, and not merely bear them patiently but even rejoice and are happy to suffer because we desire "to be like Him," ah then! we give Him solid proofs of our love.

I have been reading some of the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary, for whose canonization we pray during this month according to the intention of the League of the Sacred Heart. How ardent was her desire for sufferings! She declared that it was almost impossible for her to speak of anything else save the Cross. "La Croix est ma gloire, l'Amour m'y conduit, l'Amour me posséde, l'Amour me suffit."

In my last letter I told you that I had written to Father René, and that I was sure he would say the Mass you requested. Not having received his answer as soon as I had expected, and concluding that he was sick, I asked Father Rector if he would say the Mass for the intention desired. He very kindly did so today, the eve of the feast of Corpus Christi. No doubt you will prove yourself grateful by praying for him, and obtaining prayers for his intentions. The 21st of this month is the feast of his patron, St. Aloysius.

To-morrow, the feast of Corpus Christi, Father Dugas,

my teacher in theology will say Mass for your Mistress, Sister Mary of the Blessed Sacrament. You will prove your gratitude for this favor, I am sure, by praying and obtaining prayers for him. But I have more to tell you. Today I received a letter from Father René in which he says he will say Holy Mass to-morrow for your Mistress, and will have each day a special memento for you in his Mass. Now, perhaps, you would like to have a Mass said for yourself. Well, thank the Sacred Heart for this favor, for a week from next Friday Father Couture, our teacher in Hebrew, will say Mass for you, first intention.

Your devoted brother in the Sacred Heart,

ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

CHAPTER II

"For I judged not myself to know anything among you but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." 1 Cor. II. 2.

"WHEN Adrian was about six years old," writes his sister, "he regularly preached to his playmates about God. It seems to have been understood that I should make part of the congregation, and evidently he thought I needed reformation for much of his fiery eloquence was directed towards me. I still recall the impression or rather depression made upon me by these sermons. They were heavy and severe and reminded one very much of the kind preached at a mission. After one sermon I vividly remember being lined up, with all my dolls in my hands, to go to confession. It was all quite solemn; and Adrian was quite amused when I spoke to him as a priest of those by-gone days, I told him I felt like Father Tabb when he became a convert, and Alfred Curtis (afterwards Bishop Curtis: also a convert) was ordained priest. Mr. Tabb who had been his penitent as a Protestant, hurried to be the first to enter Father Curtis' confessional, saying to his friends: 'I received so many absolutions before that did not count, I wanted one at least that did.'"

"At this period too, Adrian"—continues his sister—"manifested a great desire to mortify himself. He must have read something about penance in the lives of the saints; or else he thought he ought to practice what he preached, for he would often blister himself with wild nettles. He encouraged me to do the same and we suffered considerable

pain, especially when he was more ardent and suggested that we apply the nettles to the parts already blistered before they were healed.

"Adrian understood too that to strike one's breast during the confiteor and at the Agnus Dei was intended as a penance, and was surely very brave and generous in carrying out this idea. The heavy thud of his little fist upon his breast was always part of the ceremonial of night prayers. We knelt side by side before the statue of Our Lady that Adrian loved so well. He observed that I did not strike myself with vigor and admonished me for a want of fervor, telling me to do exactly as he did next time. After that he would keep his eye on me and make me a sign to strike harder. I found it hurt too much and dreaded that part of the prayer. There was never any pretence about Adrian's penance; it was genuine and—it hurt."

This early inclination toward penance and self-denial increased and became more marked as his religious life rolled by. It manifested itself chiefly in the exact manner he observed his rules. So well known was he for keeping every custom and enactment of superiors that his Rector at Montreal held him up to the others as a shining example of religious observance. One day the Rector, in speaking with a young scholastic from California, said: "Your Province is certainly blessed in having such a good religious as young McCormick. Are all the Californians as good as he?" "Well," jokingly returned the scholastic, "all the Californians are good religious like Father McCormick, but they are very skilful in hiding their virtues behind a cloak of humility so that they are almost invisible."

This fervor and self-denial breathes from every page of his letters. To Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus he writes:

Each day I have been praying for you after Holy Communion, and for your superiors and the whole community, confident that you do the same for me and for our community here. I ask the Divine Heart of Jesus, through the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, His Blessed Mother, to make you a victim of His consuming love, and to give you in the reception of His Most Precious Blood all its energy, the fortitude divine that sustained and impelled the martyrs. The illuminated card explaining the treasures of the Mass struck me forcibly. "Vita cordis amor," St. Thomas says: "Divine Love is the life of the heart." And "love is sacrifice" united to that priceless, perpetual sacrifice.

Your devoted brother in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
October 5, 1915.

Dear Mother:

The first month of the scholastic year has passed, and we are now in the month of the Holy Rosary. Last Sunday, the feast of the Holy Rosary was celebrated in our church. There was a solemn high Mass and sermon in the morning and, at night, a procession in which the statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried through the church: then there was solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

It was my happiness to be sub-deacon during the procession and at Benediction. I did not forget you nor Papa on that great feast. If God so wills, you will soon be remembered by me in the "Memento" of my first Mass, for the time of ordination is now approaching very rapidly. If God spares you and Papa till that happy day I will render thanksgiving to Him by that most powerful means, Holy Mass.

In all things may His Holy Will be done, and by His grace let us keep ever ready for "at what hour you think not, the Son of Man will come." Whatever the future may

be, the present is the only certain time we have to attain sanctity. Each moment then is precious. And if the flying moments are spent in the exercise of charity with the motive power of love, the Love of the Sacred Heart, and the promotion of Its interests, we shall not dread death, but will experience the truth of those words of Blessed Margaret Mary that it is indeed sweet to die after having had a tender devotion to the Divine Heart of Him Who is to be our judge. When you write tell me about the League, Papa's work as Promoter at the Sodality, and at the "Early Morning Paradise!"

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,

Dear Sister:

May Our Lord Himself be the reward of your prayers and those you have procured for our Fathers and for the intentions I recommended to you. Sometimes, just when I need it most, I receive light and strength, which I feel is due to prayers that are being offered for me. This was especially the case during the retreat. If I felt so, what must the others, my Brothers, have felt who are so fervent!

The letter of your dear Mistress was, in a special way, a lesson to me of great gratitude, of prayerful thoughtfulness for others, even in the midst of great personal affliction, and especially of how Our Lord is accustomed to send frequent and heavy crosses to His own that they may in very deed be crucified with Him, united to His unceasing sacrifice upon the altar.

It is only in the splendor of eternal life that we will see how full of wisdom were all His dispositions in our regard; how they were all so many artifices of His love to withdraw us from all that is not Himself, and centre our hearts within His Own Divine Heart. We have not yet shed our blood for Him, but Its last drop, the last of His Most Precious Blood was shed for us. Tell your dear Mistress that I have had two

Masses offered for the repose of the soul of her sister. The first was said by Father Coallier, S. J. who gave also a "Memento of the Living" for Sister Mary of the Cross; the second Mass was said by Father Loiseau, S. J. this morning. You will in your gratitude pray and obtain prayers for them. Father Loiseau is about to give a retreat. Pray for its success.

Your devoted brother in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
December 30, 1915.

Dear Mother,

This letter will reach you no doubt before the feast of the Epiphany, which is considered to be a second Christmas, so it is not too late to wish you the very special graces of the Divine Infant during this holy season, and for the New Year.

You asked me what I thought of the little book entitled, "The Service of the Sacred Heart." It is very devout and practical. I was very happy to read it, and also the last book you sent entitled "Friends and Apostles of the Sacred Heart."

What an insight the latter work gives of the lives of the contemporaries of Blessed Margaret Mary, and of Venerable de la Colombiere!

The two illuminated cards, which the cripple made, and which I am returning to you, are indeed very beautiful. The quotation in honor of the Blessed Mother is a treasure. It shows what a force sanctity is to win the Heart of God, and to win others to Him,—a sanctity that is without thrilling exterior manifestation of eloquence or wonder-working.

The words of Lacordaire are grand and full of unction especially the last paragraph on the Most Sacred Name of Jesus. The lilies wrought on the front of the first card are wonderful—a work of art. Surely the maker has a remarkable talent for drawing and illuminating. I was unable to find that precious little work "The Twelve Promises," in

Montreal. Did you recover your copy? With best wishes to Papa for a happy, holy New Year "on the firing line," and trusting for very fervent prayers,

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
March 16, 1916.

Dear Sister,

Your welcome letter came in good time. I did not forget to pray and to obtain prayers for you and your community that the retreat might bear much fruit for the greater glory of God, and that the fruit might remain. In return I wish to beg your prayers for one of our brothers, Brother Crowley, S. J. who died here suddenly on Ash Wednesday. You may be sure that he was expecting, yes, longing for death as the entry into Life Eternal, to endless union with Christ, Our Lord.

He was of the number of those of whom our Lord said: "Blessed are those servants, whom when the Master shall come, He will find watching!" And He presently added: "Be ye therefore ready, for at what hour you think not, the Son of Man will come!"

Do not forget to beg of St. Joseph for me, especially during this his month, the grace of a holy death in the Society, for this grace includes all others. I will ask him to obtain for you the grace of a holy death in the Order of the Precious Blood. Let us then ever pray fervently that when Our Lord comes to call us to Himself, we may be found "watching," and that no matter how suddenly His coming be, we may have time—be it but an instant—to recollect ourselves, and breathe forth our souls to Him with contrite love.

Your devoted brother in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
April 13, 1916.

Dear Sister:

Just a few lines to let you know that Father René S. J., our dear friend, is dead. He died last Thursday, April 6, at two o'clock in the afternoon. You will pray most fervently and also obtain prayers for the repose of his soul, if indeed he is not already praying for us in heaven. Your pleadings, united with those of your fervent community, will have a special power during the last solemn hours of Lent, "at the shrine of the Blood adored, whilst with loving vigil you will keep the Supper of the Lord."

Your devoted brother in Corde Jesu,
Adrian I. McCormick, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
April 30, 1916.

Dear Mother,

Received the little pamphlet entitled, "The Twelve Promises of Christ," and the beautiful "Prayer for Priests." Many thanks for them, and, though it is somewhat late, I return the Easter wishes! Is it your intention that I keep the little pamphlet? If so and if you have one yourself, I think I can use it for the development of sermons and retreats afterwards. Let me know in your next letter.

I found the part that had attracted my attention the first time. It is the seventh promise, "Tepid souls shall grow fervent." The author seems to define tepidity as a state in which the soul contemns as trifling and of no worth things that the fervent esteem very much, "so as to prize them and never to neglect them. Not every neglect however," he continues, "is tepidity. One who is fervent may still be occasionally negligent but not deliberately so." Now it is by its own very nature that the homage which we pay to the Heart of Jesus delivers us from the miseries of a tepid life.

Personal love, though as yet only in its early beginnings,

puts an end to tepidity, even while we are still far from being very generous lovers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

As you may have noticed the date of this letter has been changed, because our Provincial of California, Father Gleeson paid us a visit, and I wished to tell you about his stay with us. He looked very well, despite his long travelling; and was as cheerful and amiable as ever. He liked Montreal very much on account of the piety shown by the people, and because of the numerous beautiful churches. He told me that yourself and Papa were at the early Mass at Saint Ignatius, and received Holy Communion from him. I was very glad to hear this and told him so. I trust that yourself and Papa will not even for one day miss the early Mass, and will each day receive Holy Communion, "the Life of our Life."

Do not forget in your prayers Father Jacquet S. J., who is very sick and will not, I think, live a month. His dear friend and ours, Father René, is, I believe, waiting for him in heaven.

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,

Dear Mother,

From Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus comes the news that you have been anxious about my health, thinking that on account of the shaky penmanship of my former letter that I was ill. It is easy however to explain. I wrote in haste because it was the eve of our retreat, and I wished to mail the letter in time. Far from being ill, I felt quite strong, having not long before returned from a very good vacation at our villa at Bark Lake. We are now preparing for the glorious feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. No doubt you will pray very fervently for "both of us" on that beautiful day, very dear to me because it is the anniversary of my vows. Ask the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the intercession of His Immaculate Mother, on her feast day, and each day, one grace which includes all others, namely,—

that I may live and die a saintly Jesuit, attaining the perfection to which I am called. This is, I am sure, your daily prayer for me at the "Morning Paradise," especially whilst you ask a similar grace for Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus, with regard to the religious congregation of which she is a member. The opening scholastic year is, as you know, my third in Theology; and next year at this time, if it please God, I will be a priest. The main thing, however, is to become a saint, and this is the clear Will of God. So redouble the fervor of your prayers for "both of us" that we may reach that high sanctity to which we are called, especially during this scholastic year.

This month or next, those who are commencing the third year of Theology will undergo an examination in Moral Theology to see if we are prepared to hear confessions. You will, I am sure, pray for the success of this examination. After passing it with success we will not cease to study Moral Theology, for a priest must study it all his life, since there are new decrees of the Pope regarding, for example, ecclesiastical discipline; and these are issued frequently.

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,

Adrian I. McCormick, S. J.

Yet not alone in his letters do we glimpse Adrian's intense fervor and spirit of self-denial, but it was in his daily life too that it shone forth in spite of all his efforts to hide it from others. One of his companions in philosophy narrates how one morning, whilst making the round of the different rooms during the time of prayer, he caught Adrian in the act of hiding under his mattress a wide board, and, on further investigation, discovered that he was regularly accustomed to sleep on this board, and had been doing so, in all probability, from novitiate days. This same scholastic also tells of passing his room one night when Adrian was retiring (superiors had ordered him to take more rest because of his

delicate condition of health), and of hearing the unmerciful manner in which he disciplined himself.

This spirit of penance in Adrian made him hate and detest any exemptions from common life; and yet it never interfered with his fulfilling to the letter the desires of superiors. He had the obedience of the early hermits,—that strong spirit of Faith that recognizes the voice of God in the decrees of superiors, whether these be commands repugnant to nature—orders like the patriarch received of old to sacrifice that which was nearest and dearest to him, or whether they be easy of fulfillment, according to natural desires, longings we almost unconsciously wish to see gratified. It was all the same to Adrian. He much preferred to spend whatever time was available in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament; but the spiritual father once told him that walking was healthful, and Adrian looked upon this as a command. You would see him tramping up and down through the snow nearly every afternoon with a book in his hand. Yet even in performing exactly whatever he thought superiors wished him to do, he nevertheless neglected no opportunity to punish himself. He would walk in the snow, but as often as he surmised no one was looking, he walked without gloves; just as he would obey superiors in retiring early and—sleep on a board.

On these little excursions of his—and in fact at all times—he carried with him a holy picture. It was a small print of Our Lady della strada—a favorite one with St. Ignatius. This one of Adrian's was quite black from being thumbed and handled. If Adrian walked, it was his book mark while he read; if he wrote a theme, it was placed on the lower left-hand sheet of the paper upon which he was engaged. Always he kept it before his eyes. It was the

Prince's way of telling Mary and her Divine Son that he longed to converse with them; but since he could not he would nevertheless keep her image before him, and tell her every little while that he loved her and longed to labor and die for her Son. This was the little wreath Adrian placed time over time each day at Mary's feet,—his "Immortelles," his "Everlastings," the exquisite flower in its white and yellow tininess that told of his purity of affection and the gold of his gratitude, that proclaimed that not length of years nor strength of new friendships could ever change his love for her who bore Him Whom he loved as friend and honored as King, and Whom he would fight for until sun and moon had burnt to darkness.

CHAPTER III

"Nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. VIII. 39.

IN FORMER chapters we have seen how Adrian from earliest childhood longed to suffer for Christ and even to die for Him. At six years of age he played at make-believe: he trained his Newfoundland dog to attack him while he acted the role of martyr. A few years later the make-believe gave way to reality, and we find him taking advantage of every opportunity that presented itself of suffering for Jesus. One of the most remarkable examples of this spirit occurred when he was twelve years old and a member of the Sanctuary Society at St. Ignatius Church. It was Holy Saturday, and Adrian was among the acolytes who were chosen to take part in the chanting. With his gifted voice he acquitted himself admirably well, but one of the lads sang in a harsh tone and quite out of tune. The father in charge, when they reached the sacristy, asked: "Who chanted so wretchedly?" One of the boys replied: "McCormick, Father!" Adrian did not show by word or sign that it was untrue and never sought to justify himself. This sacrifice must have cost him dearly as he was only a youngster, and youngsters smart under the lash of injustice.

The motive power behind young McCormick's desire for sufferings was his personal attachment to Christ and his intense love of His Sacred Heart.

The famed banner of Duguesclin brought victory and

joy to France and le bon Dieu: Adrian wanted to unfurl the banner of the Sacred Heart before the whole world, to bring all under its sway, and thus eternally gladden the Heart of the Man-God. This devotion to the Sacred Heart was a living, vital passion for One Who was more real and closer to him than his own father and mother. It totally consumed him, bringing out every ounce of loyalty in his frail little body. About this time he writes to his sister:

"Do you ever when thinking of my intentions beg of our Lord for me the grace of being a martyr, and that after laboring as a missionary in a foreign land. If you have not done so, I trust you will do so in the future, for this is one of my intentions which I ardently desire to see fulfilled if such be God's best pleasure. If you pray very much that my wish be realized, the time will, I am sure, be hastened when, through the goodness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I will be one of those happy laborers in "The Field Afar," and especially in that country toward which St. Francis Xavier turned his dying gaze, longing for its conversion—the vast kingdom of China."

Shortly after this we find him writing in the same strain to the Provincial.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,

Reverend and dear Father Provincial:

P. C.

After earnest and continued thought and prayer, and with the approval of my spiritual father, I am humbly asking to be allowed to go to the missions in China.

This desire is not of recent birth but has been with me since my first Holy Communion. China has been in my thoughts particularly as the hope of martyrdom seemed more likely to be gratified there than anywhere else.

I know that I am unworthy of the honor and privilege

of being a missioner to China, but I nevertheless feel the longing.

In submitting this request of mine to your Reverence, I promise to accept as God's holy will whatever in your wisdom you decide.

Commending myself to your Reverence's Holy Sacrifices and prayers,

I am devotedly and affectiontely,
in the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

Father Provincial—the Reverend Richard A. Gleeson, S. J.—tells how he submitted the above letter to his Provincial Consultors. These were unanimous in agreeing that they thought Adrian had a distinct vocation to the foreign missions, and that his petition should be acceded to. Of course it was some months before the consultors met and Adrian received the happy answer to his wishes. In the meantime, full of holy fervor at the close approach of ordination day, we discover him writing to his mother.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
October 14, 1916.

Dear Mother:—

No doubt you are expecting a letter and I must not be slow to fulfil your wish. The examination in Moral Theology, made in preparation for hearing confessions, is over. I passed on the first day of this month; and I succeeded owing, no doubt, to the many prayers, offered for me. On the day of the examination I had a "Memento" in the Masses of our fourth-year Theologians, that is to say of the nine priests who were ordained last July, on the feast of St. Ignatius. Be sides at Mount Thabor prayers were offered on that day that all might be for God's greater glory.

In this our third year of Theology we have begun to study in a more special way the Holy Scripture. Of course all our proofs in Theology are drawn primarily from Holy

Scripture; hence we have hitherto defended each thesis by a text, and will ever continue to do so. But besides this, we now give extra time to the study not of texts here and there, but of the whole of the Sacred Scripture.

Only a few days ago I commenced to practice the reading of the Breviary. It is a long time yet before ordination, and it may be God's will that I should die before that time, but nevertheless it is also His Holy Will that I should neglect nothing that becomes a worthy preparation for the exalted dignity of the priesthood. We who are in third year will soon receive new Breviaries, which were ordered not long ago.

Today I am writing to Father Nugent of Des Moines to obtain from him my baptismal certificate. From the Directory I learn that he is one of the bishop's consultors. You have not told me anything lately about his present work in writing and in preaching. No doubt he is still as powerful in the pulpit as hitherto. When we read in the citations of the Holy Fathers the testimony of Saint Polycarp, I recall what you said of one of Fr. Nugent's sermons. He was refuting, I believe, the adversaries of the Church, and having mentioned with disdain one of their lying assertions, immediately added, "but Polycarp says . . . . ." And then he prostrated the enemy with a text drawn from the Saint's writings. But the way he delivered that phrase, "Polycarp says,"—the lively faith and burning conviction of its enunciation made one expect to see the door of the sacristy open, and the Saint himself walk forth to add living presence and vocal confirmation to the words of the eloquent preacher.

This is the month of the Holy Rosary. I trust that you have and will continue to have a very special intention for "both of us," the one on Thabor, the other in "Marianopoli," the "City of Mary,"—the original name of Montreal given it in the early days by our missionary Fathers. The following month will be that of the Holy Souls, to whom I know you have also a special devotion. We cannot do too much to help them. Some persons make an offering of all the satisfaction they gain during life and all that will be offered for their souls after death for the Souls in Purgatory. This is heroic,

but what limits can be put to Divine Charity, which leads to self-immolation, to complete forgetfulness of self, thus to be more surely and intimately united to God. Do not forget to pray for one of our Fathers who died not long ago, and who was at one time in California—Father John Coffey, S. J.; and also for the brother of one of our scholastics who was killed in the War.

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

In many of Adrian's letters we come upon the expression "both of us." He makes use of this mode of speaking or writing because from early childhood he and his sister, Rose, were so inseparable, so united in play or in deeds of mischief that in making a recommendation to one, or in reprimanding one their mother always ended by saying, "I mean this for both of you." As far as external proofs went only one might have been in fault; but she knew that they were so closely united that even if one had outwardly committed the misdeed, the other was in league, in silent sympathy. As they grew up the humor of this way of dealing with the situation appealed to both of them, especially to Adrian. Whenever his mother told him to do anything or go somewhere and he wanted Rose to help him or go with him, he would playfully ask: "You mean that for 'both of us,' don't you?"

Up to the very time of his death we find Adrian using this expression, and it seemed to mean much to him as indicating his unchanging affection and interest in his little sister. "Cor unum et anima una" might well be applied to these two. When Rose and Adrian were youngsters, their mother placed them in a private kindergarten for small children more that she might have a little rest at home than in hope they would acquire any knowledge. All went well with Adrian until the morning recess, when there was an

uproar among the pupils, and the teacher found Adrian and another boy engaged in a fight. Adrian's nose was bleeding but he was by no means conquered. Whenever the blows ceased for a moment, Rose would run between the combatants and wipe the blood from her brother's face. The bystanders said it was not alone an amusing but also a touching sight as Rose was so very very small yet quite determined to help her brother. A few years later, when both of them were attending a parochial school, one of the nuns came to Rose and asked her why she refused to answer when questioned. Rose replied: "I will not speak to you because you are too severe on my brother!"

When Adrian entered the Society this severance of the bond that existed between himself and Rose was a severe trial to him. At the suggestion of the Master of Novices, to whom the young man's soul was completely unfolded, he did not write to Rose for some six months or a year; but when after that time the Master told him that he was certain there was nothing inordinate in his love for his little sister, Adrian resumed correspondence with Rose on the old intimate footing, and this continued until his death. There existed a holy emulation between them in spiritual things which became more pronounced after Rose donned the habit of a nun. Writing to her shortly after she had made up her mind to enter religion, Adrian says:

"My joy will be complete when you have entered those 'courts' whose beauty has been long attracting you. There close, very close to Jesus in His sanctuary, you will commence to sing unceasing Alleluias of thanksgiving, imitating the angelic choirs. Oh! how good, how good beyond measure God has been to us. How overflowing and tender the mercies of the Sacred Heart!"

And after she was admitted as a postulant, Adrian seemed to feel that just as they had played hand in hand as children, and conversed together as students of God and the things of God, so hand in hand they would walk the narrow path, climb the heights of perfection, until at last would dawn the happy day of eternal union.

"How often I recommended you to the Sacred Heart of our most loving Saviour! I am sure you do not forget to pray for me in return, especially when before Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and when He comes to you in Holy Communion. These are precious moments whose value we will never fully understand until we are forever united to our Beloved Master in Heaven. What happiness will then be ours! Which of us will be the first to reach the goal? We do not know; but let us strive with a holy emulation to reach that perfection to which God has called us, praying for one another and for all who need our prayers."

From Montreal, on October 15, 1916 he writes:

Dear Sister:—

A rather tardy letter this, but you will, as hitherto, overlook the long delay. The examination was a success, and I do not doubt that the prayers you offered and caused to be offered, were largely instrumental in obtaining the happy result. One of the questions asked had reference to the words of consecration that the priest pronounces over the sacred chalice, when forthwith the Most Precious Blood becomes present therein. Perhaps you were at that moment praying for me before the shrine of the Most Precious Blood. So now you must help me to render thanks to the Sacred Heart, Its Fountain-head, for so many favors conferred on me!

Before the examination I studied too hard and brought on headaches, which still remain; so you will, I am sure, beg the Sacred Heart and her who is "Salus Infirmorum," that if it be God's best pleasure, they cease in order that I may be able to study well always for His greater honor and glory, and thus be a better instrument to apply the merits of the

Most Precious Blood to souls,—"Sanguis Tuus ad salvandas animas Deus Noster!"

Your devoted brother in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
December 31, 1916.

Dear Mother:—

On the eve of the New Year I am sending you prayerful wishes that it may be for you one of very special graces and of the greatest possible spiritual progress. You will, I am sure, thus obtain for "both of us" an unmeasured share of heavenly favors, for in proportion to the degree of sanctity, is measured the power of prayer.

Prayer on the other hand—as I saw expressed very well in the treatise of a spiritual writer—is just the best means to obtain sanctity; its action being like that of fire upon the rusty iron. If you give it time enough to act, if the iron remain constantly in the flames, all the rust will soon disappear, and the iron will so partake of the nature of the flame that with difficulty you will distinguish one from the other.

This simile of the iron and the flame is used by St. Thomas to explain how we are made partakers of the Divine Nature by our share in the grace of God. Prayer is, according to the designs of His Providence, the sole ordinary way of obtaining that priceless grace, which Theologians call "the great gift," namely, the grace of final perseverance.

Do not forget to pray for Father Durocher, our teacher in Theology, of whom I told you in my last letter; he died very piously on the first of December.

The little book you sent entitled, "My Changeless Friend," pleased me much. Father Le Buffe is a great apostle of "intimate friendship and union with Christ, Our Lord." That idea is the soul of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and it is so little known and practised in these times; for how many confine their devotion to a few exterior practices, and neglect to keep interiorly united to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

throughout their care-filled days! The idea of having unceasing recourse to Him as to a Friend ever intimately present, seldom, if ever, occurs to their mind. As Father Pardow so well expressed it: "To them the high winds are real, the waves rising mountain high are real, but Christ walking peacefully on Sorrow's sea is only a phantom. True devotion to the Sacred Heart reverses all this: it makes Christ our real, living, breathing Friend."

And as the true friend shares the dispositions and tastes of his friend, so ought we—by the grace of God—to share the dispositions and desires of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, our changeless, eternal Friend.

It seems to me a strong motive to rouse all to the practice of this intimate friendship and union with the Sacred Heart is the thought that we are here in this life only to prepare for that "great meeting" with our Friend, which takes place at the moment of death. Oh, then, with what confidence will not the intimate friends of the Sacred Heart be filled; for they know their Friend too well to be disturbed by fear! In life they have kept close to Him, in death they do not dread to meet Him Whom they love so much. Oh if men only realized how important it is that they be not cold or distant with their sole true Friend during life, that they might with joy and eagerness approach to meet Him at their last supreme moment! Let us pray ever and ardently for the reign of this "intimate love and union with our Eternal Friend."

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

CHAPTER IV

"The Lord hath sworn, and he will not repent: Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech."
Ps. cix. 4.

THE TWO months preceding Adrian's entrance into the Society were destined to be a time of severe trial to the ardent aspirant. At first he received encouragement and support from his confessor, Father Sardi, S. J., and from his sister. Some were of the opinion that he should stay longer in college; and adduced as a reason that the older boys were needed in order to give a good example to the younger ones.

"I used to wait for the train from the City each evening," writes his sister; "and then we would sit in the garden and talk it all over. As on former occasions he had me praying hard for the success of a play, a boxing contest or a ball game, so during these days his last injunction on leaving for St. Ignatius was for fervent prayer during his absence. For some reason or other this ordeal was drawn out for several days. It was possibly because of the absence of some of the fathers during vacation time. My patience and humility did not stand the test as his did, for one night when he came home from a rather discouraging interview I said that if the Jesuits did not want him, they could not have him at all—that I would not let him enter that Society. I shall never forget the expression on his face,—one of humble resignation; nor the lesson taught by his beautiful answer as he showed me my error, not by correcting my

pride but by the sincere humility with which he avowed that he was far from being worthy to be admitted into the Society of Jesus: and then he begged me to look upon it in this light and continue to pray that God might render him worthy of so great a grace."

This firm belief in the efficacy of prayer to obtain all heavenly favors was a salient characteristic of Adrian McCormick. He was continually beseeching those whom he knew well to remember himself and his intentions in their prayers, and especially in their visits to the Blessed Sacrament and in their Masses. No beggar ever pleaded for an alms on the street corner as Adrian besought prayers. As tertians, we generally had three or four Masses monthly to ourselves. Adrian knew this fact; and made it a habit to approach one or two of us each month, and ask if we could spare him a Mass, alleging as an excuse that he was behind in his intentions, that he needed a Mass for a very special cause, that a friend of his had died, et cetera, et cetera.

Writing to his sister, he concludes: "Do not forget to pray for my intentions at midnight Mass. I will remember you and all your intentions. Let us extend our zeal to the whole world, pleading especially in union with the Sacred Heart and through Mary Immaculate, for the souls Our Saviour yearns to bring to Himself and save eternally: offering our poor selves as victims for them in union with His Own Oblation, which is infinite in value and power!"

As the day of ordination approached, Adrian more and more frequently pleaded for prayers and Masses. As might be expected from her great love for Adrian, Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus interested herself in procuring his heart's wishes. She obtained nearly fifty Masses for her brother on the occasion of his ordination. Naturally this labor of love

touched him deeply: he told her that he would never be able to repay fully her goodness and generosity, but he would do his best to equalize the scales by praying for her in return and daily pleading for her at Holy Mass. He sent her word of the exact time of his ordination and first holy Mass that she might be united to him at the very moment by making allowance for the difference in time between Montreal and Portland. The Masses in the monastery chapel were said for him on those days, the sisters singing a hymn which Sister Mary had composed for his first Mass. It was called, The Sacerdotal Chalice.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,

Dear Mother:

Today, the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, I was mindful of you in my prayers to this great doctor of the Church, and patron of all Theologians. In the life of Balmes, the Spanish philosopher, I read that when he was a child his mother brought him each day to the altar of St. Thomas, and begged for him the gifts of sanctity and knowledge.

These are the gifts, I trust, that you ask for me for the greater glory of God, so that I may make Him better known and loved, for "knowledge increases love." The words are, I believe, from St. Augustine. Any other knowledge than this is but as sand or dust when compared with the purest gold or silver.

This exalted knowledge was the ornament and crown of our great doctor, St. Thomas. He saw everything in God and through God, the eternal Truth, the Source of all science and being, whence every creature has issued, and to which every creature returns, as the waters drawn from the mighty ocean return in hastening river courses to its boundless depths. No wonder then that the works of St. Thomas comprehend all the branches of knowledge and in so excellent a degree. "Everything," says Balmes, "is to be found

in Saint Thomas, philosophy, religion, politics: his writings are an inexhaustible mine."

Well now, I must close this rather brief letter. We are entering on the Holy Lenten Season during which I trust for many prayers.

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
March 29, 1917.

Dear Mother,

Have just received a letter from Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus in which she says that you have begun to think that I am that scholastic for whose restoration to health I have asked your prayers and hers. This is a mistake, for, thank God, my health remains the same as heretofore, that is to say, as good as when you saw me in Seattle, and even better. I did not give the name of the sick scholastic, because I did not think it necessary, and perhaps he does not desire to be known. There has been a great improvement in his health since the time I asked your prayers and those of the fervent community at Portland; so I trust that you will continue to pray for him, and also for the scholastics, who with him are nearing the great day of Ordination, which will be this year, so I have heard, on the Sunday preceding the feast of St. Ignatius. The orders of Sub-deacon and Deacon will be conferred on us in the latter part of June, so that we will have about a month's interval before being raised to that dignity, "quae superat laudes,"—which is above all praise.

Though the time seems so near, yet I resign myself to God's best pleasure, for He may not wish that I should reach that day, and, as I said in my former letter, I would prefer to die rather than live to be a *mediocre* priest.

I recommend to your prayers one of our scholastics, a member of the Philosophy Class, who died here in Montreal on the 21st of this month. It appears that his illness in its

acute stage was only of about a week's duration. So you see we must be always ready, for even though we are in good health, an illness of a couple of days may bring death. This scholastic, however, was well prepared, received all the last sacraments, and died, practically whilst making his thanksgiving after receiving the Holy Viaticum.

During Holy Week I trust that you will pray very specially for "both of us," and for our intentions. The time is one of very special graces, and although at first thought it seems as though we could not and should not have any thought of ourselves and of our own, but be wholly taken up with compassion for our suffering Saviour; yet when our prayer for ourselves and ours is directed solely to His greater alleviation by imploring the grace of our spiritual reformation, then indeed is our compassion not sterile but fruitful, and in accordance with His own Divine words: "Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children!"

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
April 2, 1917.

Dear Sister,

This letter will arrive in time, I trust, for the joyous Alleluia of Easter. May our Divine Lord grant you fullness of joy and "that peace which surpasseth all understanding," as you contemplate Him gloriously risen on Easter day. With our eyes fixed on Him, we will rejoice in the thought that He is risen to die no more, that His joy and resplendent triumph is perpetual, and with lively faith and ardent love, adore Him as He hides His splendor beneath the sacramental veils, and confess His Divinity, His absolute dominion, desiring that all men hear and unite in our hymn of praise: "Thou, O Christ, art the King of glory, Thou are the everlasting Son of the Father!"

Please remember in your prayers one of our scholastics, a member of the philosophy course, who died on the 21st of March. The scholastic for whom the Novena was offered improved very much in health, and the improvement was remarked just about the close of the Novena. I gave him the little relic of Mother Catherine Aurelia which you sent. So you see it was not myself for whom I asked the prayers for restoration to health. Indeed I am not sick, thank God, though my health might be much stronger. I am about the same as when you saw me in Portland. But, of course, prayers are very necessary for me now, as the time of ordination is approaching, so I trust that you will continue to pray with ever-increasing fervor for me, and for those in the third-year class. The prayers you offered obtained so much that the sick member of our class may be able to be ordained with us on the last Sunday of the coming month of July. But you must keep them up. Do not forget to pray very much for peace in these troublous times, for the conclusion of this terrible war that seems to be drawing even the States into its vortex.

Do you ever, when thinking of my intentions, beg of Our Lord for me the grace of being a martyr, and through the merits of His Most Precious Blood; and that after having laboured as His missionary in a foreign land, for example, in China? If you have not done so I trust that you will do so in the future, for this is one of my intentions, which I ardently desire to see fulfilled, if such be His best pleasure. The foreign missions, they are the end of all my ambitions and desires.

Your devoted brother in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
April 10, 1917.

Dear Sister,

Your very interesting letter, bearing Easter greetings,

arrived in good time, and probably my Easter letter to you reached Portland on the same date.

Many thanks for the remembrance in the Easter Novena, and especially during the hours of adoration on Holy Thursday. It seemed to me on that day in particular that prayers were being offered for me, and for my intentions. This is a grace for which I cannot thank the Sacred Heart enough, so I trust you will help me to render thanks for these many prayers and for the Masses which have been offered for me. Our thanksgiving—when united to that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Divine Victim of the Altar—is rendered of infinite value.

Please thank my aunt Rose for the Masses which she caused to be offered for me. It is no doubt in a special way owing to them that I have been, despite my offences and imprudences, kept up in strength of soul and body. If it please God to have me ordained next July, I will repay her charity by saying holy Mass for her intentions. Also thank her for the money she sent to your community for the ordination presents. You will know what is best to do with that money.

You asked prayers for one of the sisters there, Sister Mary Ignatius; and I obtained a memento for her in the Masses offered today (the 11th of April) by four of our Fathers. It is from the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that we obtain the strength to suffer in union with the Divine Victim; and receiving Holy Communion we are transformed into His suffering likeness.

In the sick and suffering members of a community Christ, Our Lord, is especially present. In them He suffers and is crucified anew, for they bear His sacred Person in a special way. And if we have the eyes of lively faith, we will recognize in them His crucified image.

Please remember in your prayers those of our community who are sick. There are three especially who are suffering much. Also include in the same prayers the mother of one of our California scholastics, who is given by the doctors only a month or two to live. This scholastic lost his father by death only a few weeks ago, and is now sick him-

self, though I hope not dangerously. Do not think that I am one of those sick of whom I have just spoken, because if I was, I would tell you so frankly. Thanks be to God, my health is at present fairly good, owing no doubt in great measure to the prayers you have caused to be offered for me. Beg then of Our Lord for me, and for those who are in the ordination class, that we may all become soon saintly priests and apostles of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and thus apply with full and lasting fruit the merits of His Most Precious Blood to souls. "Sanguis Christi ad salvandas animas!"

Your devoted brother in Corde Jesu,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
May 3, 1917.

Dear Mother:—

Your letter arrived a few days ago. Observing the date on which it was written, April 23rd, I concluded that it was delayed on the way. I made an act of thanksgiving to God on learning that neither you nor Papa had been ill. No wonder that you have been affected by the declaration of war. The times are evil, and not a few think that the end of the world is drawing very near. The prophecy which is attributed to St. Malachy seems to be fulfilled more and more. He, it is said, foretold that during the reign of the present Pope, the enemies of the Church would lay waste her sanctuaries, and that many of her children would be torn from the embrace of Religion. Here in Canada we are in a secure refuge, but in the United States they are threatening, through conscription, to call even our novices and juniors to the front. Who would have dreamt that such a state of affairs would ever come to pass?

Well, we must pray hard and unceasingly that the anger of God may be averted from us. The Pope, who has ever striven to avert this war, on hearing that another country, the United States, had been drawn into its awful vortex exclaimed: "Fiat Voluntas Tua! The designs of Providence are in-

scrutable: He can bring good out of evil Who made the world in the beginning to rise out of chaos."

Those who are to blame in bringing on this almost universal war will be forced finally to exclaim: "There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will!"

This is the beautiful month of the Blessed Virgin. That incomparable statue—I believe you have it still—is now before my mind. I see the little lamp burning ever before it and the May flowers that cluster about it; and I also imagine that you and Papa, daily kneeling before that marvelous image of Mary Immaculate, offer special homage to her during this blessed month which is her own, and pray for "both of us," not omitting to beg very special graces, and all that is " ad majorem Dei gloriam" for one who is nearing that great day when the sacerdotal power will, if it so please God, be conferred upon him. To labor as an apostle of the Sacred Heart, to apply the merits of the Precious Blood to souls, and, oh greatest favor! to shed my own blood as His martyr,—these are the desires that I have, by His grace, and that I trust you will present with me to her who is Regina Apostlorum et Regina Martyrum!

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
Adrian I. McCormick, S. J.

P. S.

Today, May 4th, is the feast of St. Monica. Prayed especially for you that you might imitate her, never ceasing in fervent prayer that there be another saintly Monica and Augustine.

A. I. M., S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
June 24, 1917.

Dear Mother:—

Today, the feast of St. John the Baptist, we were ordained sub-deacons and next Friday, the feast of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, we will be ordained deacons. There were four of us, one of our class not being strong enough as yet to en-

dure the long ceremony. He will be ordained in like manner, but privately, after some days. You will I trust pray that he recover full health and strength for the ordinations and for future work.

Almost immediately after being ordained sub-deacon, I commenced to say the Divine Office, which we must now say every day. It is a duty full of consolation, for the Psalms of which the Office is chiefly composed are the inspired word of God and filled with the unction of the Holy Ghost. To borrow the words of St. Augustine: "That man might praise God in a fitting manner, God praised Himself; and because He deigned to praise Himself, man has thence discovered how he should praise Him."

And in another place the same Saint Augustine says, that, "he always heard the voice of Christ, Our Redeemer, in all the Psalms, at one time praising, at another time sighing, or rejoicing in hope, or yearning in expectation."

The ordination to Priesthood will take place on the 29th of July, the last Sunday of that month, and hence our first Mass will be on the 30th of July, the eve of the feast of Saint Ignatius. Again recommending myself and companions most earnestly to your's and Papa's prayers.

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

THE SIXTH PART

Last Years

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth before the time of affliction come, and the years draw nigh of which thou shalt say: 'They please me not':

"Before the sun and the light and the moon and the stars be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain:

"When the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strong men shall stagger and the grinders shall be idle in a small number, and they that look through the holes shall be darkened:

"And they shall shut the doors in the street when the grinder's voice shall be low, and they shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall grow deaf.

"And they shall fear high things and they shall be afraid in the way, the almond tree shall flourish, the locust shall be made fat, and the caper tree shall be destroyed: because man shall go into the house of his eternity, and the mourners shall go around about the street. Before the silver cord be broken, and the golden fillet shrink back, and the pitcher be crushed at the fountain, and the wheel be broken at the cistern, and the dust return into its earth from whence it was, and the spirit return to God Who gave it." Eccles. XII. 1-7.

CHAPTER I

"I give thanks to my God always for you, for the grace of God that is given you in Christ Jesus." Cor. I. 3.

YESTERDAY was a holiday at the school, and all my little charges came over to the chapel for holy Mass and sermon. Though not a day of obligation, it is nevertheless one that is peculiarly Catholic and peculiarly American—Thanksgiving Day. It comes in the fall of the year when this old earth of ours, like a victorious general, rests in secure and peaceful repose surrounded by the spoils of war: or like a great high priestess, she holds her dearly-won fruits on her bosom, and offers them mutely to the Almighty before turning them over to the common usages of mankind.

I said in my sermon that it was given to us human beings to interpret these inarticulate prayers of earth, to transmit them on to God, to tell Him that it was only because of His goodness and bounty that the harvests were so plentiful, to say to Him: "Thine is the day, and thine is the night; Thou hast made the morning light and the sun. Thou hast made all the borders of the earth: the summer and the spring were formed by Thee!"

I even went so far as to mention that the little tepee tents of corn, arranged like an army encampment, were each one separately asking us to thank God that they were out there in the field, that the ghoulish faces they noticed on the pumpkins was only a peculiar way the poor pumpkins had of smiling their thanks to their maker; that unless we hurried with our prayers of thanksgiving the blithe songsters of the air would forestall us.

Well, a few hours later, Ignatia, who had been present with the others in the morning, came over to pay me a visit. She has not been well of late; and looks quite emaciated from several recent fever spells. I also notice she has contracted a nervous racking cough that shakes her little frame as an earthquake makes a building shudder. Today her whole manner betokened excitement: she walked with quick nervous strides and, on closer range, I noticed that her eyes sparkled like little pools of amber wine that are touched with a ray of sunshine. "Come here, Padre," she began, beckoning me to join her on the lawn. Then:

"Look, Padre!" And she pointed along Magnolia Avenue where the caretaker had gathered into a half-dozen piles the stray pieces of bark from the eucalyptus trees, and had touched a match to them.

"Look, Padre," she began again. "Look! You forgot something this morning."

"Forgot something?" I questioned.

"Yes, you forgot to mention about these little fires. Why they are the incense pots that silently waft to heaven the earth's silent prayers of thanksgiving. It is not always necessary to speak our praise; the Prince's heroic example, his noble upright life,—these speak louder than any words of the goodness and sweetness and holiness of the Creator."

"A very sweet thought, and even more sweetly expressed," I returned. "But then Ignatia you must remember that 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh'; that one who is all on fire with love and gratitude to God must, perforce, enkindle the same flame in the hearts of those with whom he converses and lives."

And assuredly this was true of Adrian McCormick now more than ever before. His life from early childhood had

been nothing else than a preparation, a prelude to the priesthood; and now that God had granted him the desires of his heart, his gratitude knew no bounds. He would spend the remainder of his years in thanking God for the wonderful privilege that had been bestowed on him. Along with the consoling joys of ordination came the happy news that he had been granted permission to spend his life as a missionary in China; and out of a heart overflowing with gratitude he pens the following letter to his Provincial, the Reverend Richard A. Gleeson, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,

Reverend and dear Father Provincial:

P. C.

"Quid retribuam?" are the first words that come to my mind when I think of all the favors that have been so liberally showered upon me lately by the goodness of the Sacred Heart and Mary Immaculate. And at once those other words present themselves, "Calicem salutaris accipiam!" and through the merits of the Precious Blood and the infinite Sacrifice of the Mass will I render thanksgiving for so many graces conferred on one so unworthy. By the same means I strive daily to prove my gratitude towards you, who are the representative of Christ, Our Lord, and interpreter of His holy Will.

Next Wednesday or Thursday I hope to say Mass at the shrine of dear Saint Joseph for the welfare of our California Province, and especially for you and your intentions.

I had the happiness of again visiting Saint Anne's beautiful sanctuary, and there prayed earnestly for those same intentions. Since one of our Fathers at Quebec fell sick unexpectedly I was called upon to take his place in our parish of "Notre Dame du Chemin" at Quebec. This meant the hearing of about 150 confessions, mostly in French, the saying of Mass for the people on two Sundays, and the giving of Holy Communion. It was a great happiness thus to be

able to help in some way and testify gratitude for all the charity shown me by our Fathers in this northern clime.

Yesterday I was called out to our English College, "Loyola," to hear confessions, say late Mass, and preach the sermon. They have only two priests there at present, and there is much work to do. Father Filion, who is now Rector there, may call for me several times during the summer to help in hearing confessions in the "Loyola" parish.

I will write at once to Father Bonduelle and to the superior of the mission to thank them for receiving me. The former wrote me a very beautiful letter.

Gratefully in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,

Reverend and dear Father Bonduelle:—

P. C.

Your letter of May 9th gave me great joy. You can hardly believe how happy I am to foresee the day when, thanks to God, the most ardent desire of my heart will be realized. It is then true that I shall go to China as a missionary. I thank you sincerely Reverend Father, and please to aid me in thanking forever the Sacred Heart and our Immaculate Mother.

According to your desire, I shall have the happiness of commencing my Third Year on the first of September, at the Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, California.

Deign, Reverend Father, to continue for me the succor of your prayers, and the charity of a memento in your offerings of the Holy Sacrifice.

Servus tuus in Corde Jesu,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

14 Rue Dauphine, Quebec,
August 8, 1917.

Dear Mother:—

You will, I am sure, pardon my long delay in replying

to your very edifying letters that arrived close to the "great day" of ordination, and with them such beautiful souvenirs and verses. My gratitude shall be shown by the memento I have daily for you in Holy Mass.

It would be impossible for me to describe to you my sentiments on the "great day," and on that day of even greater joy, the day of my first Mass. I had the happiness of saying it at the altar of Our Lady of Lourdes in our church, and it was a votive Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The first words of the Introit were: "Salve Sancta Parens," and in repeating them I prayed for my parents to her, who is for all time the highest model of parents. You may imagine what my emotion was, when nearing the moment of Consecration, I reflected that after pronouncing one brief sentence, I would hold the King of Kings in my trembling hands. "Tremunt Potestates," the Powers, that exalted choir of angels, tremble and hide their faces before Him; and I, who am but dust and ashes, how is it that I am permitted to hold Him! "I found Him, Whom my soul loveth, I held Him and will not let Him go!"

At the moment of the elevation of the Chalice, I prayed specially for Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus, and the other Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood who are at Portland. At the Memento for the Dead, I prayed for those whom you mentioned in your letter, and was more deeply moved at that moment than at any other, I know not why.

As you see by the heading of this letter, I am now in the ancient and deeply religious city of Quebec. By a special favor of Father Provincial, Father Levasseur and myself are allowed to visit the great shrine of Saint Anne, and, of course, we must pass through Quebec to reach it. I will have a very special memento for yourself, and Papa, and for Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus in my Mass there.

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,

ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
September 15, 1917.

Dear Mother:—

In your letter lately you asked me whether I had said Mass for Uncle Richard. As yet I have not said a Mass of first intention for him but I have said one of second intention. In my first Mass I remembered all our relatives who are dead, especially Aunt Mary, Grandpapa and Uncle Frank.

I visited the beautiful and deeply-loved shrine of Saint Anne on the 10th of August, the feast of St. Laurence, Martyr; and said Mass soon after arriving there at the Altar of the Sacred Heart, which is close to the great relic of Saint Anne.

Of course I prayed specially for you, for Papa, for Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus, for Aunt Mattie, Aunt Rose and my cousins in the "Memento" of my Mass.

At the first sight of that beautiful Church of Saint Anne, I was filled with joy and consolation, which increased when I entered its blessed Sanctuary that breathes lively faith and ardent devotion, that is adorned with countless precious offerings of grateful hearts,—the tokens of cures wrought in body and soul. One of our Fathers remarked to me that the spiritual cures at the shrine of Saint Anne are more striking and frequent than the physical ones. Many go there seeking a bodily cure, with an eager desire to be relieved of their sufferings, and receive instead a spiritual cure, returning home resigned to their cross, nay, more, rejoicing that they are still allowed to bear it in imitation of Christ, Our Lord and Saviour.

Since my former letter I gave a retreat to the English-speaking division of the boys at the Reform School, and heard their confessions at its close. Some of the French-speaking boys came also to me for confession, and I was able to hear them. While I understand French well, yet I do not speak it perfectly, having enough facility for confessions but not sufficient at present to preach a sermon.

The giving of that retreat made me think of the work you are doing among the poor and afflicted, and reminded me to pray for you and your clients: your prayers, on the other hand, have helped much in giving me the opportunity to exercise a like apostolate. Asking a continuance of the same with redoubled fervor.

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
October 25, 1917.

Dear Mother:—

Your welcome letter that came from Boone has been long waiting an answer. I was very glad that your visit had such a good effect on the health of Aunt Mattie. She wrote me a very edifying letter just before my ordination, telling how glad she and my cousins were that God had called me into His vineyard to labor for His honor and glory, and that there are all too few indeed who are willing to give up everything to preach the gospel of Christ Crucified. After reading these words I am impelled to thank God for having given me an Aunt, who so thoroughly appreciates the value of the Divine vocation. "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." And those words of St. Paul: "We preach Christ crucified."

"The most Divine of all Divine works is to coöperate with God in the salvation of souls," as Saint Dionysius says. How then shall I thank God for so great mercy and goodness shown towards me all unworthy as I am! You will help me to thank Him, while each day with trembling hands I lift heavenward "the lamb as white as snow, Who supplies for all, Who taketh away the sins of the world."

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

P. S. I trust that Papa is ever on the "firing line" of the League, of the Sodality, and that both of you are daily at the "Divine Banquet" receiving the Bread of Life.

A. I. M., S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal.

Sister St. Paul of the Cross:—
Dear Sister:

Though I have long delayed to write in expression of my gratitude for the precious offerings you sent me for the great day of ordination, yet I have not forgotten to recommend you and your esteemed community to Our Lord each day in my Mass, and will continue to do so each day with the help of God, and with renewed fervor.

This is the best way I have of testifying my gratitude to you and your fervent community. The Divine Victim will, by His Sacrifice of infinite value, supply for what is lacking on my part, since "His mercies are above all His works."

The scholastic for whom I asked prayers, and who by the fervor of the prayers offered for him there in the sanctuary of the Precious Blood recovered sufficient strength to be ordained priest and to daily offer holy Mass for more than two months, is very grateful to you and your community. He has attained his heart's desires; but now the disease has attacked him more gravely than before. I recommend him again to your prayers and those of the community. Trusting that I have ever also a share in the same,

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,
Adrian I. McCormick, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
December 9, 1917.

Dear Mother:—

Yesterday was a great day, especially here in the house consecrated to Mary Immaculate. It was also the occasion of the renewal of our Vows. After renewing mine, I said Mass at the Altar of Saint Joseph in our chapel of the Immaculate Conception. I had a special memento for you. After Mass I had the happiness of giving Holy Communion to one of our fourth-year Theologians, Father Lefebvre, who was also ordained last July. I recommend him to your fervent prayers

for he will not live much longer and has already received Extreme Unction. He is fully resigned and contented at the thought of his approaching end: it is very edifying to hear him speak of this resignation. He is perhaps the most talented and profound of our Theologians here, and, had it been God's Holy Will to give him a longer life, he would have contributed greatly to the advancemnet of deep and solid Theology. He had a special zeal in studying and explaining the works of our great teacher and doctor in Theology, Saint Thomas.

Not long ago I read some special incidents in the life of St. Thomas, and was filled with admiration for the profound humility, meekness and detachment, which he showed on the most trying occasions. Towards the close of his life—which was comparatively short—he ceased to write, and his dear friend and companion, Brother Reginald, asked him why he ceased a work which was so profitable to those who were thirsting for truth. He replied that God had in a vision, during the time of prayer, shown him (as it were unveiled) as much of His profound mysteries and of that infinite beauty and perfection which He has in Himself as it is possible for a man still in this mortal life to comprehend: and that in the light of that vision, all the Theological treatises he had written paled into insignificance, and appeared to him as but a little straw. From that time he could not compose more, and felt that God was soon to withdraw the veil in reality, and admit him to that Beatific Vision of which he had written so much and with such longing desire. Hear that yearning cry:

"Jesu Quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro, fiat illud quod tam sitio,
Ut Te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus Tuae Gloriae! Amen."

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

CHAPTER II

"For as by the disobedience of one man, many were made sinners; so also by the obedience of one, many shall be made just. That as sin hath reigned to death, so also grace might reign by justice unto life everlasting through Jesus Christ, Our Lord." Rom. v. 19, 21.

NO LIFE of Adrian McCormick would be complete without more than a passing emphasis on the interior spirit that actuated all his actions. A magnet, at times, will draw a piece of malleable iron to itself and so overcharge it with its own essence that all outside attraction ceases. Not only was this the case with Adrian, not only had the magnetism of Christ drawn him entirely from worldly thoughts and ambitions, but it had impregnated his entire being so that he too became a magnet drawing others to Christ. This was his great desire, his highest ambition, to go forth like David, and at the risk of personal safety, rout the enemies of God. He possessed a great deal of the royal Prophet's humility and confidence. He knew that he had few merits, that he possessed (as it were) only a little sling; but then too he always remembered that he came in the name of God, that he was an emissary of a powerful Monarch, and the King's Name was to him as shield and sword in one. Of course I do not mean by this that young McCormick was outwardly aggressive and militaristic—not at all: but I do assert that he was extremely aggressive in spirit. And the weapons he used were those quiet, hidden, silent ones that cannot

(when used correctly) be withstood — prayer and self-immolation.

In this work, as indeed in all his spiritual aspirations, he desired his sister Rose as an associate. And this was as it should be, for it was owing to the sister that Adrian had the grace and strength to be ordained a priest. Let Rose tell this in her own words:

"I think I may safely say that it was my prayer and my desire from childhood that Adrian would be a priest. Even before I could realize anything of the sacredness of the priesthood, I still wished Adrian to be one because he told me that he wished it, and I always longed to have all his desires fulfilled. So the desire grew with both of us and increased in intensity when I was old enough to understand more of his sublime calling. When Adrian overworked at his studies at St. Ignatius, and became so ill that the doctors said he might die at any moment, my great sorrow was that he had not attained the end of our longing desires, that he was not a priest. I recall begging prayers for him that he might live to be ordained. This critical illness lasted some months, and in my distress I promised that, if God spared Adrian, I would become a religious and consecrate my life to His service in thanksgiving. I did not tell anyone of my offering: not even Adrian knew it. I think it was my one secret from him. He knew it only in heaven. I had reason later on to feel that my offering had been accepted, for Adrian recovered and entered the Society. I completed my studies; yet still remained in the world, hesitating to fulfill my promise. Soon we learned that Adrian was very ill at Los Gatos, and again three physicians said he could not live. Novenas were made and prayers said for his recovery. Again with great remorse of conscience I renewed my

promise; and again, as if by miracle, Adrian recovered. Even then I did not tell him my secret; it seemed to me too sacred for words. There was nothing left for me to do but fulfil my part of the contract; the Lord kept his, for Adrian became a priest on my birthday,—a precious birthday gift that I prized more than anything else in the world.

"Adrian was delighted when I entered the Order of the Precious Blood. He wrote to me and said that he would always thank the Sacred Heart and Mary Immaculate for many favors but especially for having given his sister a vocation to such a fervent Order, one filled with the spirit of reparation and sacrifice in union with the Divine Victim of the Altar."

The apostolate Adrian exercised and desired his little sister to exercise along with him consisted firstly of frequent, fervent petitions to God not alone for their own salvation and sanctification but also for others. "We will pray," he writes in one of his letters to his sister,—"we will pray for one another, and for all who need our poor prayers asking more for them than for ourselves. Let us extend our zeal to the whole world, pleading especially in union with the Sacred Heart and through Mary Immaculate." And again: "Do not forget to pray for our Society, for our General, for our Provincial, for our Holy Father, the Pope."

Secondly it consisted in the offering of themselves as victims for the sins of the world in union with the offering of Christ. This idea he well brings out in a letter written to Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus to thank her for a poem she had sent him. The poem was called "The Monstrance"; and in it his sister had pictured Our Lady as a monstrance that shows us her Son, Jesus.

"It is a beautiful comparison," he writes; "the Blessed Mother revealing to us her Divine Child, Jesus, Who is our King. Through her we can easily come to Him, and our sight is strengthened to behold the splendors of His majesty, here by a lively faith, and afterwards in the unveiled vision of His heavenly court. Oh, how happy men would be, what peace and concord would exist between the nations of the earth, did one and all recognize Jesus as their King! Let us offer ourselves as victims in union with Him, the Victim, ever pleading, ever immolated for the spreading of His Kingdom, for the universal reign of His Divine Heart. Adveniat Regnun tuum! Did yo uever read the little book entitled 'Love Peace and Joy, or the month of the Sacred Heart according to Saint Gertrude?' It is a little treasury making true devotion—the immolation of self—so attractive that no one can read it without becoming more impelled to generosity and holy joy in God's service. It is from the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that we obtain the strength to suffer in union with the Divine Victim; and receiving Holy Communion we are transformed into His suffering likeness."

This spirit of immolation was no weak fancy of Adrian's but a strong firm desire that had been in his heart so long that he considered it as part of himself. And so it is not strange to find him writing in this vein to his mother.

Dear Mother,

Your letter came in good time. I was glad to see that you remember so well how I desired even from early boyhood to be a missionary in the "Field Afar," after the example of Saint Francis Xavier and of Venerable Theophane Venard. Not long ago I heard—and the news came ultimately from one of our Fathers that has been on the Chinese Mission—that "the fields there are white for the harvest,"

and that the laborers are few in comparison with the vast number of souls yearning to be "brought out of the darkness into the light of the Kingdom of God." If you pray very much that my desire be fulfilled, the time will, I trust, be hastened when through the goodness of the Sacred Heart, and the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I will be one of those happy laborers in the "Field Afar," and especially in that country towards which Saint Francis Xavier directed his dying gaze, longing for its conversion—the vast kingdom of China.

Now however, I have not time to dwell on this subject so dear to me, because I have a present duty very important, namely, to prepare for the final examination that crowns the course of Theology. It will take place on June 13th, the feast of St. Anthony of Padua. Pray to this great Saint, to whom I know you have special devotion, and especially to the Sacred Heart of Jesus "in Whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," through the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Seat of Wisdom that all be "ad majorem Dei gloriam!"

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

L'Immaculée-Conception,
Rue Rachel, Montreal,
April 3, 1918.

Dear Mother:

The joyful alleluia yet resounds as I write to you wishing and praying that Our Blessed Lord grant you a deep and lasting share in the graces of His glorious resurrection.

Last month on the first free day I could find after the inspiration had come to my mind, I said Holy Mass, first intention, for you and Papa. Since it was the month of Saint Joseph, I trust that through his intercession, united to the infinite pleading of the Divine Victim, you both obtained many special helps and graces. I have just received the news that a true and grand Jesuit, and a former Superior of the California Mission, Father George De la Motte, died on

March 29th. To die on Good Friday, what a blessed privilege for a Jesuit whose whole life is but the reproduction of the traits and example of his Divine Leader and Model, the Eternal Son of God, Jesus Christ!

It was Father De la Motte who first introduced me to Father René, and the latter told me of his esteem for Father De la Motte, and narrated to me examples of his heroic virtue, and one especially of his marvelous fortitude which I will never forget. You will, I am sure, pray very fervently for the repose of his soul, and also for two of our Brothers, who died recently in the West.

Received from Aunt Mattie a very interesting and beautiful book, the Life of Venerable Theophane Venard, Martyr. I do not remember whether I thanked her yet, so will write at once to tell her how much I appreciated the precious gift. To imitate this glorious martyr of our own times has long been my earnest desire, a desire given me by the mercy of God and despite my own unworthiness. You know that even as a boy I longed to become a missionary on the foreign Missions, and a Martyr.

Well, that same desire has, thanks be to God, ever continued, and I pray daily to dear Saint Francis Xavier and our Martyrs, especially Blessed John de Britto and Saints Paul, John and James of Japan, to obtain for me the realization of this my earnest desire. Will you also, as a true "mother of the Maccabees," pray daily, especially during Holy Mass, to her who is the "Queen of Apostles and of Martyrs" for the same intention? I am sure you will, and Papa too.

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

14 rue Dauphine, Quebec,
June 18, 1918.

Dear Mother,

It is a great pleasure for me to be again in the pious city of Quebec, but especially to have had the opportunity of making a pilgrimage to the shrine of good Saint Anne de

Beaupré. You may be sure that I did not forget you nor Papa in the memento of My Mass, which I said there at the Altar of the Blessed Virgin, and in honor of the Immaculate Conception. Of course Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus had a very special memento also.

The final examination took place last Thursday, the feast of Saint Anthony of Padua. That powerful Patron obtained that I was examined on the theses which I had more especially studied, and which are of the greatest importance in Theology and Philosophy.

In a few days I hope to visit St. Hyacinthe, the place where the Order of the Precious Blood was founded; and to pray in the beautiful chapel there, near the tomb of the saintly Foundress. There again I will not forget you, and will obtain that the community pray for all of us, and will thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary Immaculate for so many favors, especially for having given my sister a vocation to such a fervent Order that is filled with the spirit of reparation and sacrifice in union with the Divine Victim of the Altar. You will assist me in your daily prayers to thank God for all His graces, and may He grant to the united prayers of so many fervent religious, through the merits of the Precious Blood, that peace universal, so long desired, so ardently sought by all who share the sentiments of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Since the Theological course is finished, I am helping now in the ministry and have occasion to hear confessions, preach sermons and sing High Mass. Next September, at Los Gatos, California, I will commence what we call "the Third Year of Probation," where each Jesuit who has finished his Theology receives his final formation before being admitted to his last vows.

Father Provincial wrote to me telling me that I will have the happiness of making the Third Year at the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart next September. I will let you know later what time I will start for the West. Recommending myself

most earnest to your prayers and Papa's, especially at the daily "Early Morning Paradise,"

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

This intense application of young McCormick to prayer and the things of the interior life often resulted in many unusual situations. During tertianship at Los Gatos, when the time of walk came, it sometimes happened that Adrian was not at hand. His companion would walk over to his room in the dilapidated shack where he abode, and generally found him praying or saying his Office on his knees before his favorite picture of Our Lady. On being told that it was past the time for walk, Adrian became quite apologetic, he begged pardon of his companion for the delay he had caused, and on his return would invariably go to the Master of Tertians to ask permission to tell his fault to the community at supper time.

On another occasion, shortly after his ordination, he was sent by his Rector to hear confessions one Saturday evening at the Sailor's Club in Montreal. Of course he never thought to ask where the club was located, and it only occurred to him after he had gotten down town that he did not know exactly where he was bound for. On looking up and down the principal street he saw a sign in front of one of the buildings, "All Sailors Welcome Here." This must be the place, he thought, and boldly opened the door. A long flight of stairs led up to a double door over which hung a sign "Sailor's Club." He began to mount the stairs, but when he reached about half way, the doors were opened violently, and a tipsy sailor was unceremoniously ejected. The jolly tar came reeling down the stairway and Father McCormick cautiously asked him if

this was the Sailor's Club. The old salt, with a merry twinkle in his eye, replied: "Yes, Father, it is a Sailor's Club, but as they put me out, I don't think they will admit you. This is the Protestant Sailor's Club."

And so the two descended to terra firma. When outside, the sailor told Father McCormick that he was bound for the Catholic Club, and that if the Reverend Father had no objections he would take him there. So the sailor took Father McCormick's arm to steady himself, and this stalwart son of the sea, leaning upon the frail, boyish-looking priest as upon a protecting angel, must have presented a strange sight as they went down the street towards the water front. On the way Adrian learned that this happy-go-lucky son of Erin had not been to confession for twenty-seven years, and so he exhorted him to straighten up his account before he would sail across the sea, and enter the dangerous submarine zone. On their arrival at the Club they were ushered in, and the old sailor, after partaking of some hot coffee, called for Father McCormick and told him that he wanted to make his peace with God and go to confession. Thus Divine Providence made use of Father McCormick's little mistake to lead back to his Father's home the long-lost prodigal.

Apropos of the above-mentioned incident, it was quite extraordinary to notice the power Adrian had over sinners and the success that attained his efforts in reclaiming them. His earnestness, his courteous ways, his example and, above all else, his close union with God—these gave him a power that few could withstand. Nor was it only in spiritual matters that he exercised this power; it manifested itself in the care and sympathy he gave to those suffering from physical ailments too. The poet sang years ago of being touched at heart and of having his affections aroused by the sufferings

of poor humans; yet not alone by a passing song have the saints assisted humanity, practically and systematically they have worked for the neighbor, and their task has been one of love because of their Faith, because of the Master's words, "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it unto Me." They gave of themselves physically, intellectually and, at times, spiritually, in as much as they have thrown into the breach the holiness of their life—the merits they have acquired—in attempting to win from heaven spiritual and physical blessings for the brethren. And on many occasions the heroic life they led has won; and God acceded to their requests even when obliged to work a miracle to do so.

The writer has personal knowledge of many little favors and petitions granted through prayer to Father McCormick. These were bestowed in such a sweet courteous manner as to lead the recipient to renewed ardor in the path of holiness and perfection. Like the Little Flower he appears to be throwing very prodigally his roses and favors on earth. Besides these (I speak as a dutiful son of Holy Church), we have instances where his help was not refused in things of greater moment. Listen! It was mid-September and already there was frost among the hills outside of Montreal. The birches were yellow and gold against the dark foliage of spruce and hemlock and pine. It was autumn too in the heart of a fond mother and her soul was withered and sere because her little boy Joseph was hopelessly diseased. However, lest someone accuse me of romancing, let us hear the simple statement of the parent.

1975 Rachel Street,
Montreal, July 4, 1921.

Dear Reverend Father:—

In my recent letter to you I promised to send you the details of the two remarkable cases in which Fr. Adrian McCormick was concerned while replacing me for a few days as chaplain of the Catholic Sailors' Club here in Montreal.

The first is the case of the child Foy, son of the caretaker of our club, 61 Common Street, Montreal. Here is the testimony of his mother:

On the seventh of February, 1916, my little boy, Thomas Joseph Foy, aged eight months, fell from a chair and hurt himself. The next day I took him to the Montreal General Hospital, and when he was under the X-ray it was found that his right thigh was fractured. For six weeks the child was kept in the hospital in a corset of plaster which extended from the middle of his back down to his toes. He was growing very fast at the time, and when the plaster was removed I found that, owing to the carelessness of the people in the hospital in not changing the plaster cast, his spine was very much out of shape. The nurses replied to my complaint that perhaps by massaging his back it would soon return to its normal state. But such a thing did not happen. Instead of getting better, the child's back grew weaker; and when I brought him home he could no longer sit up straight.

I then took him to a specialist who told me that the only way to cure him would be to put him in an iron frame for several months, for it was found that he had contracted rickets of the spine and legs. I took him to the Children's Memorial Hospital for advice, and left him there. When I went to see him a few days later he was strapped in an iron frame from shoulders to ankles. He remained under this treatment for several weeks until at last I could not stand his crying any longer. I brought him home without hope of cure and gave up the idea of doing anything for him until he became stronger.

I took him to the country for a couple of months—July to September, 1917. This stay aided his general health, but

did nothing for his spine, and I came back without hope. It was then I met Father McCormick who was temporarily replacing Father Devine, our chaplain at the Sailors' Club. Father McCormick blessed the child on the bare back, an operation which caused him to shiver. The priest then prayed for him very often, so I kept speaking to him about my boy. On the Saturday when Father McCormick was about to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec, I asked him as a great favor not to forget my little boy while he was at the altar next day. And he said he would not forget.

At the very moment of his Mass at the shrine, which he said about 9:45 my little boy jumped down alone from his chair and called out to me, "Mamma, me down." I immediately thought of Father McCormick's promise. From that moment the child was practically cured. He jumped from the chair where I had him strapped and crawled to me, for he did not yet know how to walk. He kept calling, "Mamma, me down." Three months later, he had no deformity on his back and could use his legs perfectly. There has been no recurrence of his ailment and he now goes regularly to school. He is old enough to realize all that Father McCormick did for him; and was very sorry to hear of his death. He speaks continually of him.

(*Signed*)

Lila Foy.

Here is the second case:

Arthur Remillard, a boy nine years of age, living a few blocks west of the Catholic Sailors' Club on Common Street, Montreal, was playing one day on a freight car which was standing on the track in front of his home. In jumping off the car he fell and sprained his back. For the moment nothing seemed to be the matter with him and he did not even mention the affair to his parents. It was only a few months later that his father remarked that the child's back was bent and that he stooped when he walked. He then learned about the fall from the car. He called a physician, Dr. Baril, who examined the child and found that his spinal column was seriously affected and was assuming the form of the letter

"S". This physician predicted that unless precautions were taken at once the boy would be deformed and would become a permanent hunchback. He prescribed massagings and other treatments. If these did no good, the boy would have to be put into a plaster cast for an indefinite period. When Mr. Remillard heard of the sudden cure of young Foy, he wondered whether Father McCormick could not do something for his son also; and he brought him over to the Sailors' Club. When Father McCormick made the sign of the Cross over the boy, the latter was cured at once. The father was profoundly moved at the extraordinary scene, and so convinced is he still of the sudden cure of his son that when two years later he described the blessing given by the young Jesuit, he could not restrain his tears. He also told me of the amazement of the physician when the latter came to see the boy after the event. Young Remillard's back is as straight as ever now and he romps and jumps as well as he ever did. Another interesting detail of this case is that the lad was rather stupid and backward during his ailment. Father McCormick told the father that he would become bright and intelligent, a prediction that would seem to be coming true, for the little fellow came out first in his class last year.

These are the details which I have succeeded in getting from the Foy and Remillard families. I know both the boys and their parents, and I know that ever since the cure of their children they hold Father McCormick's name in benediction.

With best wishes,
Sincerely yours,
(Signed) E. J. Devine, S. J.

Another very interesting case of Adrian's power with God happened in August, 1918, while he was on his way from Montreal to the tertianship in Los Gatos, California. He stopped over for a few days in Portland to visit his sister in the Monastery of the Precious Blood. While there, through the courtesy of the Franciscan Fathers, he held the office of chaplain. On Sunday, August 25th, he delivered an eloquent

sermon on the Precious Blood in the chapel, and on Tuesday following he blessed the crucifix in the garden and gave an impressive conference to the Sisters. On the last evening of his visit, Father McCormick requested to see the community in the parlor, and when all were assembled proposed a spiritual compact, promising on his part a daily memento at Mass in return for a constant remembrance in the prayers of the Sisters. During the conversation someone suggested that the Sisters of the Precious Blood establish a community in the mission field of China. Father's face lighted with joy, and he said: "If I have any influence in China I will use it to establish there a Monastery of the Precious Blood."

Hitherto the mission of Tchely was but a name to the Sisters of the Precious Blood, and their community was unknown to the religious authorities there; and yet, in the three short years since Father McCormick's death, this institute has received a pressing invitation from his Lordship, Bishop Lecroart, the Vicar Apostolic, to found a monastery at Sienhsien, S. E. Tchely. And from the present tone of the letters between the Bishop and the Sisters a Monastery of the Precious Blood seems all but an accomplished fact in Southeast Tchely. Thus does Adrian still work in heaven for the land of his dreams, the land of his desires,—the far-flung mission fields of China.

CHAPTER III

"A wise man hateth not the commandments and justices, and he shall not be dashed in pieces as a ship in a storm. A man of understanding is faithful to the law of God, and the law is faithful to him." Ecclus. xxxiii. 2, 3.

TO A Jesuit the novitiate is in a certain sense like the Catholic Church—you may love it or hate it but you cannot ignore it. The lessons you receive there color your whole after life,—they haunt you with joy when you live up to the principles inculcated there, they pursue you with remorse when you fall away from the high standard set for your conduct. With most of us returning to Los Gatos after fifteen or sixteen years' contact with the world, a certain sadness weighed down our hearts. It was de rigueur to tell all how happy we were to have ten months wherein to ponder over the faults and defects of the past; and yet—yet most of us were so certain of having fallen far short of our former ideals that we were by no means anxious to plumb just how deep the fall had been. Nevertheless all manfully faced the ordeal—for ordeal it certainly is—and after a month or two we no longer doubted that tertianship is, as we had often been told before, the happiest year in a Jesuit's career.

Adrian was a bright exception: introspection held no terrors for him, he loved it because it purified his soul more and more and thus brought him closer to his "Changeless Friend." Writing to his sister at this time he says: "It is such a consolation to be again among the eternal hills and the vineyards of Los Gatos. To me it is pathetic that we are obliged to

leave this House of Bread, but then one must leave God for God.'' From a constant perusal of Father Lallemont's admirable little book ''The Spiritual Doctrine'' he had thoroughly mastered the two great essentials for an apostolic life, —zeal for souls, and love of prayer and the interior spirit. With him these were interchangeable. Without the least difficulty or embarrassment he went from his exercises of devotion to active work for the neighbor and never experienced a diminution in either, and this because—because he had acquired a real solid love for the interior things, and this even before he entered the Society.

From his biographers we have it on solid objective evidence that St. Aloysius was much given to play, and that play and ecstasy went hand in hand. And in the life of Adrian McCormick we find that along with the humdrum of student life there is always much in the foreground a high esteem of prayer and an indomitable resolution to keep himself stainless from the dust and slag of the world. While attending Saint Ignatius College in San Francisco, he liked to have his sister Rose wait for him at the Academy after class until he called for her that they might walk home together and have an intimate chat on the way. On a few occasions Adrian became so interested in a game of handball that he forgot entirely about the passing moments, and kept his little sister waiting too long at the Academy. She would complain and scold, and at times became quite disagreeable, bringing up the subject of his tardiness time over time. Adrian never answered back: he simply asked her pardon and then endeavored to be as cheerful and happy as if nothing had happened to mar the cloudless serenity of his soul. On one of these homeward walks his sister noticed a picture of a battleship on one of the sign boards and turned to look at it.

"I wouldn't look at the sign boards," Adrian remarked, "for the Fathers at the College warned us against looking curiously at such objects."

His little sister was still smarting under his neglect in coming late to bring her home and so she answered: "I will look just as long as I like, the Jesuits may be guiding you but they are not my directors."

The incident is quite typical of manly sanctity. Adrian might as a boy become so engrossed in play as to become oblivious of an appointment, but even at that period he was nevertheless a watchful young virgin and kept his lamps trimmed in daily expectation of the coming of the Bridegroom. In those days he allowed no outside influence to dim the lustre of his purity of heart and the closeness of his union with God. This prudence and watchfulness increased with the years and accounts mainly for the high degree of sanctity which he acquired during his course of training in the order. Naturally the tertianship appealed strongly to him: it was a wonderful opportunity to come even closer than heretofore to Christ. And so we find him on the first of September, 1918, happily ensconced at the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, Los Gatos.

A novitiate is often called by spiritual writers Bethlehem or the House of Bread. It was indeed so to Adrian for there was no room for him in the inn—in the main building, and, as we mentioned before, he was assigned to quarters in a temporary house formerly given over to the workmen.

Here, like the hermits of old, he quietly and silently went about the affairs of his soul. Governments might change, kingdoms rise and fall, but to Adrian these things were of little moment; in his mind there was one interest that towered above all others and in comparison to which all else was

nothing: he had a soul to save. The rest was vanity and affliction of spirit. Writing to his mother he says: "I often think of those words you once wrote to me, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and its justice and all things else will be added unto you!' Pray then with redoubled fervor during these months that I may above all make the progress I should in the 'Science of the Saints' for then success in all that prepares me for my holy vocation will follow as surely as upon the departing tread of night follows the glad footstep of the day."

The first months of tertianship are the most important. They are given over almost entirely to the acquiring of a deeper spirit of prayer and a closer union with Christ. For this end all tertians make the long retreat: they spend a month pondering over the mysteries of the passion and death of Christ according to the exercises of St. Ignatius. Unfortunately we have none of the resolutions Adrian wrote down during this time; in all probability he himself destroyed them. He was very exact in these matters. After his death the particular examen book he used was found marked up to the very morning he was taken to the infirmary. But though we have not his resolutions, we have the spirit of the exercises in the following lines to his mother. Speaking of the recent death of a grand old Jesuit, he concludes: "I trust that you daily beg of God for me the great grace of a similar life and death in the Society of Jesus, a life of generous toil and heroic virtue in winning souls to Him, a life and death with Him upon the Cross. This same grace of living and dying upon the Cross you ask, I am sure, each day for Sister Mary of the Infant Jesus who is so especially consecrated to the passion of our Lord in the adoration of His Precious Blood."

Unfortunately too we have few letters during this time

from Adrian to his mother and sister. The reason is that he desired, as the Institute suggests, to withdraw as much as possible from external distractions, and for this cause he wrote very little during tertianship even to his parents and to his beloved sister. He was always on his guard too lest he become attached inordinately to his sister or she to him. On his way to Los Gatos, while acting as chaplain in the monastery where his sister resided, he gave quite an example in this respect. As the sisters cannot go outside the cloister into the exterior chapel, they used to ring a little bell to call him to the grill in the parlor when they were free to speak to him. Adrian thought that his little sister rang the bell entirely too often; and on a few occasions he did not answer it. However, on pondering the matter over, he decided that he had committed a fault in not responding to the call since it was to him as the voice of God; and so he apologized to the Sister Superior, saying: "I heard my sister ring that bell and I did not come. I did wrong. Next time I shall answer promptly." This was said with great humility and contrition; though, as a matter of fact, the sisters were somewhat in fault too since they had been importunate and had tired him out with requests for preaching, confession and direction. Notwithstanding this open avowal of Adrian's, he took the first opportunity to reprove little Rose. "Sister," he said, "you are too eager to see me. You should seek first the Kingdom of God." The Mother Superior was present on this occasion and answered: "Father, she is seeking first the Kingdom of God in coming to see you. Your influence will increase rather diminish her desire for heavenly things."

This same Superior narrates how she remonstrated with Adrian for spending nearly all of his time in the chapel and told him he would wear himself out by praying so much.

Adrian was greatly surprised at this, and replied: "Mother, my prayers do not tire me; they rest me."

And unusual to say, the statement was perfectly true. When Adrian wanted a relaxation from meditation or from any other duties incumbent on tertians, he took it by walking up and down in front of the novitiate saying his Rosary or reading a pious book.

In the fall of 1918 the dreaded influenza epidemic devastated the country. It entered the portals of the novitiate a few days before Christmas, and took its toll of two young Jesuits before its ravages could be subdued. Most of the tertians went out to the neighboring cities and towns to supply; and many of them—Father McCormick included—did not know until their return a day or two later that the "flu" was in our midst.

Adrian was sent to Half-Moon Bay. We have a letter or rather a note to his mother from this place.

Catholic Church: Nuestra Senora del Pilar,
Half-Moon Bay,
California.

Dear Mother:—

The missionary spirit is now being exercised by our Tertian Fathers, and it is on an errand of zeal that I have been sent here for Christmas Day, to say three Masses, preach three sermons and hear confessions. I will return to Los Gatos about 2 P. M. tomorrow.

I received your nice Christmas gifts, especially the book entitled, "The Martyr of Futuna." I have not had time to read it yet. Do you wish me to keep it? Since your name was on it I doubted whether this was your wish or not. Please do not forget to pray very earnestly for the people among whom I am now working that what I shall have done for them may, by God's help, bear lasting fruit to the greater glory of His Holy Name.

Well, now, I must close my letter as it is growing late

and spiritual duties claim my entire attention. I will write you a much longer letter when I have more time. Recommending myself and all the community at the novitiate to the fervent prayers of "both of you," and wishing you both the choicest graces of Our Infant King,

Your devoted son in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

Adrian was not back in Los Gatos a week before he too succumbed to the prevailing epidemic. I shall always remember his words to me when we told him that he had a fever and should go to bed. "Please to anoint me, Father," he said, "just as soon as in your judgment you deem me sick enough to receive the Last Sacraments. Do not wait until I am close to death." We conquered the fever on this occasion, and after two or three days spent in convalescing he was himself once again. It was then a difficult task to restrain him from nursing the sick or assisting those on the road to recovery. He was like a young thoroughbred chafing for an open lane; or like a fast motor boat you sometimes see dancing by dilapidated wharves, straining to go. And he pleaded his cause admirably: it was wrong to fancy that *he* was delicate, he was much stronger than others who were working hard with the sick, and then, too, he loved nursing and it was his place to be with his brothers in distress. But we could not risk the responsibility of a relapse, and denied him the desires of his heart. He went away quite wilted and disappointed,—he went away to the chapel, a lonely little figure in black to talk over things with the Master. And we,—well we felt like the meanest cad on earth who denies a child a toothsome stick of candy.

Though we have only a few of Adrian's letters to his parents and sister during the tertianship, we have his letters

to the Master of Tertians, Father Joseph M. Piet, S. J. Father Piet in forwarding these to me says:

"I suppose you realize he had the simplicity and open-heartedness of a novice to the last day. He was most pleasing to the Heart of Our Dear Lord, and had made a vow not to break any of our holy rules deliberately. His fond desire was to go to China and devote his life to the conversion of the heathen. The Lord accepted his sacrifice without the manifold trials which beset a missionary's life."

Just before the tertians went out on their missions during Lent, Adrian pens a line or two to his sister to beg her prayers and those of the community for the success of their work.

Sacred Heart Novitiate,
Los Gatos, California,
February 11, 1919.

Dear Sister,

Today, the beautiful feast day of Our Lady of Lourdes, you and your intentions were not forgotten in my Mass, and before the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes in the novitiate garden. Last Sunday I said late Mass and preached the sermon at the Church of All Saints, Hayward, a country town half way between here and Oakland. The pastor there told me that he had visited Lourdes, and that he had spoken to two brothers of the saintly Bernadette, and that they told him how they themselves, going one day in search of their pious sister were eye-witnesses of the vision of Our Blessed Mother, Mary Immaculate.

Please do not forget to pray each day very fervently to Our Lady of Lourdes for my intentions, especially those which regard the apostolic life which, if it please God, I and my companions are soon to exercise in a very special way. With such a good, such a loving and powerful Mother, why

should we fear or be ungenerous? We should cling to her as a trusting child. Mater Dei Mater mei!

Your devoted brother in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

As a student Adrian had given considerable time to elocution. He took prominent parts in college dramatics and knew the plays of Shakespeare thoroughly. Later on as a scholastic he was frequently called upon to recite before the community on various festive occasions. He invariably acquitted himself with credit, and charmed his audience alike by his talent as by his modesty and humility. This training stood him in good stead in his preaching as a priest. In the manner of speaking he was not an orator as we generally estimate one. Here there was no deep-voiced appeal, no reliance on a prominent personality, no use of vain artifices and unnatural mannerisms. He abased himself completely in the pulpit; he even gave the impression that he was timid and not at all sure of himself or of what he had to say. Adrian McCormick was nothing; Christ was everything. Like the Baptist he was but a voice crying in the wilderness, and like him too, he considered himself unworthy to loose the lachet of the Master's shoes. And yet he was an orator in the true sense of being able to sway the hearts of men. He was in close touch with the Divine powerhouse and could turn on men at will the light of God's grace. On many occasions he would quite frankly beg his hearers to join with him in asking God to bless the words he was about to utter. Here is an introduction to a sermon he preached on the Precious Blood:

"My dear Brethren. Before beginning to speak on the cherished subject of to-day's sermon, I entreat you to raise your hearts with me to that Divine Master, the hidden God

and Saviour Who is here present on His altar throne, 'for great is He that is in the midst of you, the Holy One of Israel,' and to beg of His Divine Heart, Fountain of all grace, that this sermon and the fruits of it be all to His greater honor and glory. For the words of the preacher sound exteriorly but it is God alone, the hidden operation of the Holy Spirit, that conquers and moves efficaciously the mind and heart. O come then, Thou sweet Guest of the soul! Come Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of the faithful and enkindle in them the fire of thy love."

When he spoke these words, he turned towards the center of the altar, his gesture indicated the tabernacle and his whole attitude manifested his deep reverence and lively faith. Unconsciously his hearers followed his glances, and watched him as his eyes dwelt lovingly on the earthly Home of his Friend. One person who heard this introduction said that it was the most eloquent sermon ever preached on the Real Presence.

The year Adrian was sent to tertianship the Father Instructor thought it would be more to the greater glory of God if the tertians confined their missionary efforts during Lent to the small towns and villages and left to others the task of giving missions in the large towns and cities. Adrian, like all willing workers, was given a very heavy schedule. His first mission was at St. Paul's Church, San Pablo. The pastor tells many edifying incidents of his stay there, of his deep love of prayer and recollection, of his untiring zeal in the confessional and in the pulpit, of his constant mortification—he very seldom slept on a bed and must have taken the little repose he considered necessary on the floor, in a word, he narrates a thousand and one little inci-

dents that single out the saint from his fellows. He writes to the Master of Tertians:

Catholic Rectory,
San Pablo,
March 13, 1919.

Dear Father Instructor,

Pax Christi

I received your very welcome letter this morning. Many thanks also for the answers to my questions. There was one matter of which you did not speak, namely, the mission at Rodeo. Father Porta says that he must have a week's mission there, and hopes that you will send someone to take my place on the 19th, or rather on the morning of the 20th. The reasons are those I gave at his request in my last letter to you.

The mission is flourishing at St. Joseph's Church, Pinole. The children of the Parish have set a most edifying example of diligence in attending the exercises and of zeal in bringing as many as possible, their parents especially to attendance at the mission.

"Ex ore infantium perfecisti laudem!" It was the custom of St. Francis Xavier to convert the grown-up pagans by means of their innocent children, and I trust that—Deo juvante—all our missionaries follow his shining example.

In union with your prayers,
Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,
Adrian I. McCormick, S. J.

The following is an excerpt from a letter to his sister:

First of all I must thank you for the prayers which you offered and caused to be offered on the great feast of the Blessed Virgin for me and for my intention. The favor was obtained, thanks to the all-powerful intercession of Her Whom the Doctors of the Church have honored with the title "Omnipotens Supplex." During this holy season of Lent, consecrated to the sacred Passion of Our Lord, you will I

trust continue to recommend me and my intentions most fervently to His Sacred Heart, agonizing and pouring forth the last drops of His Precious Blood for our eternal salvation and for our greater and entire sanctification upon the Cross. Here is a short prayer—often used by Father Ginhac S. J.—pleading for the closest union with Jesus in His Passion.

"O Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, pierced and opened by love for me, grant me to go entirely out of self into Thee, that living and dying with Thee upon the Cross, I may the more love Thee, the more closely imitate Thee."

I heard one of our spiritual directors say that in that short prayer, as in a nut shell, is contained the whole science of the spiritual life. Let us then unceasingly ask and beg this great grace from the Sacred Heart of Jesus and through the intercession of Mary Immaculate, His Beloved Mother, for one another, for our companions in religion.

Your devoted brother in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

After completing the mission at San Pablo, Adrian was sent to open one at Mendocino; and from here he traveled to Ukiah, and gave a mission in that place for the Franciscan Capuchin Fathers. The strain of speaking three and four times daily for four weeks was beginning to tell on Father McCormick's frail health. We have a slight hint of this in one of his letters to the Father Instructor written at this time.

Catholic Rectory,
Ukiah, California,
March 31, 1919.

Dear Father Instructor,
P. X.

Thanks be to the Sacred Heart, and to the Blessed Virgin, Refuge of Sinners, for the many brought to their duties at St. Anthony's Church, Mendocino. The Saint, who has so great a reputation for finding things, must also have been pleading

powerfully that the lost sheep of Mendocino be found, and carried home on the shoulders of the Divine shepherd.

From what I have heard from pastors of souls since commencing this work of the missions, there are very many people who come to church only two or three times a year, and others not a few, who enter its door only three times in all, namely for Baptism, for Marriage, and when they are carried a lifeless load for the funeral rites. Father Gregory told me that the results far exceeded his expectations, and he used to say, after some long-wandering sheep had come to the mission and to Confession: "It is a miracle!"

In the sermons of the missions I have been striking at that indifference and deadly torpor which keeps men and women from coming to Mass on Sunday and from the Sacraments. So many will not go to Confession. One man who claimed to be a Catholic told me he did not believe in Confession and thought that he might be saved without it. But before answering him I said interiorly the short, one word—"Memorare" to the Blessed Virgin and the invocation to Saint Anthony, Patron of the Church there. Then I explained to him the divine institution of the Sacrament and its necessity. Thanks be to God and to His Blessed Mother the arguments convinced him. He went to Confession and Communion. More than ever I see how powerfully the grace of God draws and converts the hearts of men. "Cor hominis in manu Dei, quocumque voluerit flectet illud." But man must pray, must ask of God this conversion of heart, for He says, "Ask and you shall receive!"

This is the reason why in the missions I have continually spoken on the necessity of prayer, especially for those who are in the state of sin, that they cry out like the great penitent David to obtain again the grace of God. "Out of the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord." Also of the necessity of prayer in time of temptation.

But perhaps I have already far exceeded the limits of

moderation in the length of this letter, so I beg pardon and will close.

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

Catholic Church,
Ukiah, California,
March 31, 1919.

Dear Father Instructor,
P. X.

Enclosed you will find a note from Father Sebastian which I forgot to put in my former letter that went this afternoon. Please do not forget to answer my questions proposed in former letters. I picked up a cold, at Mendocino I believe; too much going to bed after twelve o'clock. But now—Deo gratias—I have learned by experience to be more prudent and to snatch what repose is necessary whenever occasion permits and Providence gives. God is so good; and this—well, "Ca, c'est la vie missionaire!" "Comme on vit heureux!"

The cold does not interfere with my speaking to any noticeable extent,—"Parvum pro nihilo reputatur."

Recommending myself and the missions and the people to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers,

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,
ADRIAN I. MCCORMICK, S. J.

Immediately after the Lenten season was over, Adrian hastened back to the Novitiate. Some few complained that they ought to have a day or two to recuperate before returning, but never a word from Father McCormick. In fact this characteristic of always upholding superiors and never criticising their commands was well known to his fellow tertians. It was impossible to trap him into saying an adverse word against those in command. They were representatives of God, and as such were covered by a divine mantle that precluded

them from being brought under a microscope, examined and dissected like other individuals.

He had another reason for returning at once to Los Gatos; in former years while studying at Montreal he was the sacristan at the Theologians' villa. He spent so much time before the Blessed Sacrament in those days that Father Fontaine, the Superior, was obliged to give him an order to stay out of the chapel. But at the Sacred Heart Novitiate no such order existed, and he desired to return there at once and place his labors and successes at the feet of his hidden Lord. He writes in this strain to his sister,—the last letter he wrote to her. In it more than once he inserts the proviso "if it be God's Holy Will," as if he had some thought that his hopes would not be realized.

Sacred Heart Novitiate,
Los Gatos, California,
May 12, 1919.

Dear Sister,

Many thanks for the prayers and mortifications you offered and caused to be offered for the Lenten missions! God was pleased to bless the labors of our missionaries with abundant fruit. Our Blessed Lord, in return for your generosity, will grant you—and has no doubt already granted you—many special graces. Though the work of the missions was full of consolation, yet the return to Alma Mater, to the Novitiate was even more so; when the reapers brought their heavenly laden sheaves to place them at the feet of Our Divine Lord, conquests of His Sacred Heart, and of the all-powerful intercession of His Blessed Mother, Mary, Refuge of Sinners.

Please do not forget to pray very earnestly for my intentions during this month, the month of the Blessed Mother. And in particular for another mission which I will give, if it please God, at Fort Bragg, California, a lumber town somewhat north of Ukiah. This mission is marked to commence

next Sunday, May 18th, and to close the following Sunday morning, May 25th. After it I will, please God, return immediately to the Novitiate to commence to make my annual retreat; and after it, if it is God's will, I will work in the ministry for some weeks at San Francisco, giving the Sacraments to the sick and dying in the City and County Hospital, and trying to convert the sinners and non-Catholics, with the help of God, to be also begged by your fervent prayers and those of your community. Then the tertianship will soon come to a close, so beg Our Divine Lord to perfect in me the work of formation according to the mind of our holy Father Saint Ignatius, that I be, each moment of my life and forever, a close companion of Jesus, by the mercy of His Divine Heart!

Your devoted brother in the Same Sacred Heart,

Adrian I. McCormick, S. J.

CHAPTER IV

"It shall go well with him who feareth the Lord: in the days of his end he shall be blessed." Ecclus. I. 19.

ON THE western horizon at sunset the trees stand out clear and distinct: in the sunset of life, in the days preceding Adrian's last sickness and death his nobility of character, his strict atttention to the minutiae of religious life, his zeal for souls—these become more clearly defined as the trial hour draws near.

He had always a deep sense of the responsibility connected with the priesthood; and this explains to a great extent his peculiar attachment to the Sisters of the Precious Blood. A true contemplative himself, he realized full well that the only way he could possibly fulfil the onerous obligations incumbent upon him as a priest was by prayer, and for this same reason he desired to be closely united and associated with those who had given themselves to a life of interior recollection and contemplation. In the Constitution of the Adorers of the Precious Blood recurs time over time the slogan: "They shall pray for the priest that he may be holy!" Adrian knew of this and scarcely a letter passed to his little sister without a reminder of her duty to pray for others and especially for those invested like Aaron with the sacerdotal power. When his parents gave a life-size figure of the Crucified One to the Monastery of the Precious Blood in Portland, superiors waited until Adrian was passing through the city on his way to Los Gatos before having it blessed. He was keenly delighted when told of the pleasant

task in store for him; and on the day he blessed it, seeing the inscription below the corpus "They shall pray for the priest that he may be holy," his pleasure was quite refreshing to see. "They will associate me with this Cross," he mused; "and they will be led to pray for me and for my work in China."

This policy of depending more on spiritual weapons than on intellectual and oratorical ability was particularly noticeable during the days preceding his last mission at Fort Bragg. Before leaving the novitiate he went to many of the Tertians to request prayers for the success of his efforts; and, on arriving at St. Ignatius in San Francisco, he determined not to visit his parents though they lived but a few blocks away and superiors had given him permission to do so. He went to Father Gleeson, his former Provincial, to ask advice, saying, "I think I ought to make the sacrifice and offer it for the mission." Father Gleeson told him to go as it would be such a consolation to his family. It was destined to be his last visit. He was there an hour or two; in the evening, when his mother asked him to stay longer, he replied: "I wish to be back at the rectory before dusk: it is the rule." It was Our Lady's Month and his mother begged him to sing a May hymn before leaving. Adrian went out of doors and looked up at the sky; coming back again to the family circle he said: "I have time to sing just one before dusk."

He chose "Ave Maria, bright and pure, hear, oh hear me when I pray." Into that song he put all his tender love for Mary Immaculate. It was not of earth; it was like a flight through the years fragrant with roses, forgotten roses; luminous with stars, golden with dimly-remembered dawns. It brought you back to childhood and to all that goes with childhood—innocence, purity and never-faltering Faith;

and at the same time it brought you up, up to the very gates of heaven, and for a moment the curtain was drawn back, and with John you saw the tens and tens of thousands, who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. When it was over, his mother said: "Adrian that singing was beautiful." And he replied: "I wonder how I can do it: it is the same way when I preach—I wonder how I can do it."

He took his hat and coat and remained a moment to bid adieu to his parents. Without knowing it, he stood directly beneath one of his own portraits taken when he was a lad of twelve years. The years had been kind to him. His features held the same childlike simplicity, the same delicate purity that was his as a boy. We sometimes remark upon the perennial glow of youth that frequently shows in the faces of priests and nuns; and quite erroneously ascribe it to lack of worry and regularity of life, forgetting entirely that the font of eternal youth is found not in pampering the body but in polishing the soul, that

> "Beautiful faces are they that wear
> The light of a pleasant spirit there,
> It matters little if dark or fair."

The next morning at 4.30 Adrian celebrated his last Mass in St. Ignatius. It was the feast of Saint John Nepomucene, the martyr especially dear to him. He looked quite frail and weak in his vestments of ruby red; and seemed even then to be pushing his reluctant body for one last effort in the Master's service. A day or two later he pens the following:

Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel,
Fort Bragg, Calif.,
May 19, 1919.

Dear Father Instructor,
P. X.

There was a good attendance yesterday at the opening of the mission, thanks to God, and to Our Lady of Good Counsel, under whose patronage we place the mission and to whom the parish has been consecrated! The evening attendance was good, despite the rain, which is often an obstacle to those living at a distance. Please obtain from all fervent prayers that we may have during these days of the mission only the spiritual rain of abundant grace, and not the material rain, which unfortunately keeps some from attending the mission. You remember how during the Lenten missions we had good weather continually! and this was no doubt owing to the fervent prayers that were offered for their success.

There are some persons here who persecute the Catholics. They watch them from their houses when they go to Mass that they may afterwards reproach them and ridicule them for attending the Holy Sacrifice. They are bitter enemies of our Holy Faith, and this made the Archbishop say that these persons are the support of the Church, in this sense that by their fanatical efforts they only strengthen the Catholics in their Faith; persecutions being always, by the favor of God, a source of strength.

All this Father Laurence has been telling me. He told me moreover to tell you that he must have me here all day next Sunday to close the mission Sunday evening; otherwise there would be no utility in staying that Sunday at all, and to close the mission on Saturday would be impracticable.

Though I made the announcement that we will hear Confessions at any time that we are asked to do so, nevertheless the formal time for commencing mission confessions will be next Wednesday evening.

I must now close since I must prepare the sermon. Re-

commending myself most earnestly to your prayers and Holy Sacrifices,

Tuus Totus in Corde Jesu,
Adrian I. McCormick, S. J.

Adrian made a profound impression not alone on the people of Fort Bragg but on the Capuchin Fathers as well. They were all surprised at his preaching, wondering how one with so weak a body and frail a frame could thunder forth the judgments of God and bring men back to a conviction of their duties toward the Creator. It was because his heart and his lips, like those of Isaias, had been cleansed by a burning coal—by the fire of charity that burned so brightly in his delicate body. Father Laurence writing to the Tertian Instructor, Father Joseph Piet, says:

". . . He was a holy man. The good work he did in Fort Bragg will never be forgotten."

And Father Gregory of Mendocino writes:

". . . He did wonderful work in Mendocino during the mission. Everybody was surprised at the success of his preaching. His sanctity also helped me. He taught me to love my Crucifix. If ever I become a saint it will be due to Father Adrian's example."

After the mission at Fort Bragg, Adrian returned immediately to Los Gatos. In all probability he was running a temperature during those strenuous days for, on his return, he gave up and went to the infirmary where it was found that he had close to 104 degrees of fever. It was in those days when every physician was overworked and worn out because of the lingering epidemic of Influenza. It was next to im-

possible to secure medical attention, and the brother Infirmarian was both doctor and nurse. Everything was done to conquer the fever. When the aspirin began to affect the heart, cold sponges were used with good results, and the fever was held around 101. It was then thought best, since no reliable physician could be had in the near vicinity, to take Adrian to the O'Connor Sanatorium in San Jose. It was an unwise move both because of the danger from change in temperature and from the fact that Adrian was never at home away from his brethren and in strange surroundings. A month before his last sickness he reiterated to one of his companions a wish he had often expressed on previous occasions that—if it were the will of God—he might die in a house of the Society surrounded by the presence and by the prayers of his religious associates. Nevertheless superiors were of the opinion that he would have a better chance to combat pneumonia under the gentle and attentive administrations of the good Sisters of Charity in San Jose than without medical aid at Los Gatos; and Adrian was the first to acquiesce in this program. He made the journey by ambulance, but the effort proved too much for his failing strength; his fever shot up beyond control and they were never able to bring it again within bounds.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, June 1, 1919, that he was taken to the sanatorium. The next day his parents, having been notified of his illness, visited him. It was a very warm day, and the intense heat beating down from the walls intensified the fierce heat within. Unmindful of his own sufferings, when his mother entered the room he smiled and waved his hand saying, "Whichever way this turns you will leave it all to God, mother." And then he spoke quite cheerfully for some moments, never alluding to his suffering which must have been intense, for one accustomed to the work in hospitals

and the care of the sick said: "I have many times seen pneumonia and its fever but never anything like this, yet he never mentioned it."

Adrian's little sister was notified too. She could not come but wrote the following letter which Adrian did not live to read.

Monastery of the Precious Blood,
Portland, Oregon,
First Friday of June, 1919.

My dear Adrian,

We have just heard of your illness and have begun a novena for you. The Holy Mass in our chapel tomorrow will be for you. May the Precious Blood of the Heart of Him Whom you love so well be for you a source of comfort and of strength in your illness.

I place you deep down in the Precious Blood of the only Heart Who loves you more than your little sister. He will care for you. I trust that you will soon be better, but if God does not grant you the martyrdom for which we have both prayed so long, He will grant you the "Martyrdom of Love." Let me share in the last as you promised I should in the first. Bless me from your sick-bed and if Jesus your Spouse calls you, pray for me till I too reach Heaven.

In Jesus' Blood,
Your devoted sister,
Sr. Mary of the Infant Jesus.

For days our hopes ran high that Adrian perhaps would weather the storm. Two days before his death he was particularly bright, and the present writer returning to the novitiate was accosted by a former confessor of Adrian's—one who had known him intimately from the days when he was a novice He asked me Adrian's condition, and I replied that he was slightly better. He then replied: "Adrian may appear better; but I am convinced that Adrian will die on the First Friday,

for I know of his ardent intense love for the Sacred Heart." And events bore out his assertion.

A few days before his death, Brother Danahy, who was in constant attendance at his bedside, came in to clip his beard. Adrian, who had always obeyed the slightest wish of those even temporarily placed over him, said: "No, no, no, brother: you must not touch it." His mother surprised and amazed, replied: "Adrian, anything connected with the body is trivial and we will not care what they do with it." He then rejoined: "Yes, mother dear, call brother now and he may cut it, and mother dear beg pardon of God for me and beg pardon of the brother and ask him to forgive me, and you will forgive me, mother dear?" It was only after Adrian had exchanged China for Heaven that they remembered missionaries to China let their beards grow a few months before their departure as otherwise the Chinese think them too young and immature and will not have confidence in them. He could so readily have explained his reluctance to consent to the wishes of the brother, but he only begged pardon in his winning way; and then added: "Beg of God for me the virtue of humility."

At the beginning of Adrian's last sickness he asked for the last Sacraments and received them with the utmost reverence and devotion. He was always afraid lest he might not receive the last rites of the Church as soon as it was permissible to do so; and that they might be postponed in order not to awaken in him a terror of death. This was one of Adrian's pet subjects of conversation. "When I am sick I want to have the last Sacraments as soon as in the prudent judgment of others I am sick enough to receive them." And his wish was fulfilled.

On the eve of the First Friday the doctors said that Adrian was better; but his mother thought he was in grave

danger and hesitated about going back to San Francisco that night. In her dilemma she questioned Adrian: "Shall I stay or go back to the city with your father?" And he replied: "Do as the Holy Spirit prompts you." A few moments later he added: "Pray that my last breath may be drawn in love of the Sacred Heart." This beautiful petition has been treasured as his last words for when his mother returned in the morning he was delirious.

That evening—his last evening on earth—he spent the time almost continually in prayer. "He had me on my knees most of the time," says Brother Danahy; "but I could not refuse him. Again and again he would say to me: 'Now brother we will say some more prayers; we will say this prayer to our Blessed Mother and that other prayer to the Sacred Heart.'" And when he felt the approach of eternity he would say, "Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Towards morning he was strongly tempted for some time; and frequently, between ejaculations, would mutter: "Begone Satan! Begone!" Father Richard Bell, who was present at the moment, kept absolving and blessing him; and then he began to recite for Adrian the Litany of the Sacred Heart for, he said: "Since Adrian was dying on the First Friday (a fitting day for one who so loved the Heart of Jesus) I thought that that would be the appropriate and blessed prayer for him." After awhile the temptation passed and Adrian began to wander in mind. He was once again a child. Now it was a muttered word of endearment to his sister, Rose; again it was a shout of victory at a baseball game that had been won; and finally he was a choir lad at old St. Ignatius singing the praises of Mary Immaculate. He put his last ounce of strength into that hymn, and one who was present told how he had heard the greatest songsters on the operatic stage yet never

had he been moved as on this occasion. It was Adrian's greatest triumph. Gradually his voice became more subdued and then ceased entirely. One of the Sisters said: "He is asleep." It was true—he was asleep, but only to wake like John on the Heart of Jesus. Someone said aloud: "Call him back, Father!" But Father Bell replied: "Nay, nay the boy is already with God."

They brought him back over the "Via Appia" of California, over the "Beautiful Way," over the Alameda, the palm-bordered avenue of patrician homes which links the sister cities of San Jose and Santa Clara,—back to the spot he loved best while on earth—the chapel where a ruby light told us that the Master was there to welcome him home. And the historic old bells, presented to Santa Clara by King Carlos V,—bells that with silver music have never faltered in their task of summoning the faithful to devotion, to charm the air morning, noon and evening with their heavenly prelude to the aspirations of the Angelus,—these bells tolled a welcome for the home-coming of a hero priest—one who had valiantly wielded the Sword of Conquest.

"Ring out, O bells, from the mission tower,
Ring o'er the 'Beautiful Way,'
Echo the songs of heaven to earth,
O sweetly ring I pray.

"Ye oft have tolled for the sainted dead,
Bells of the 'Beautiful Way,'
For the sandaled friar and dark-robed priest,
But sweeter ring to-day.

"Ring out, O bells, from Santa Clara's tower,
Ring o'er the 'Beautiful Way,'
A spotless life and a martyr's crown
The burden of your lay.

"Ring out, O bells, for an angel priest
Gone o'er the 'Beautiful Way,'
Echo the joy of heaven to earth,
O sweetly ring to-day."

They placed him before the altar of Saint Clare, and throughout the waning afternoon and evening his fellow religious and intimate friends silently came to pay their last respects to his memory. Even in death he continued to preach of innocence and purity. The sweet sunny boyish smile never faded from his countenance; and added to this was an aura of peace and holiness which impressed all who looked upon him. Gravely and quietly he seemed to say: "Look and discover how happy I am!" His face always bespoke sweetness and gentleness but in death it appeared as if glorified. As the last rays of day crept through the stained windows the lines on the death of the young Cardinal Jacapo came to one's lips:

. . . . . .
He rests in peace, clad all in chastity
. . . . Where the rich lights fall
Lies he, the gathered lily.

"And some there are unscathed of flame or sword yet on their brows the seal of suffering and in their hands a rose of martyrdom, a fount of wonder in their pensive eyes sprung from the thought that pain is consummated." Adrian's pain was consummated; it was over. The next day, after the simple low Mass had been celebrated and the last absolution given, he was taken to the quaint old graveyard at Santa Clara and laid to rest by the side of his old friend, Father René. He would have liked to have it thus, to be even in death with strong spiritual characters, to have the green grass above him and the breezes in the palm trees whispering a requiem for the repose of his heroic soul.

An apostle's, martyr's, virgin's crown is thine,
In which the palm and lily intertwine,
Fair symbols of thy innocence and love
And still thy mission in the courts above
Shall e'er go on, O Angel Priest of God,
Drawing men's hearts into the Heart Divine
And o'er the land for which thy zeal did pine
The blessed light of faith shall surely dawn,
Thou'rt but to the Eternal Altars gone
To plead for us, O Angel Priest of God!

L'Envoi

For some weeks our little friend Ignatia has been confined to the hospital. On the days when I would bring her Holy Communion she would say as I was leaving: "Padre, ask them to let me go down to Pala. I have an aunt down there who loves me dearly. I wish to end my days in Pala." And so a week ago they took my angel friend in an ambulance to the place her heart desired—to the old Pala mission. Poor child! she did not last long; three days ago I received word from the aunt that Ignatia had died. Almost her last words were to tell me how dreadfully disappointed she was at not seeing me once more on earth. Early yesterday morning I took two of her girlhood friends, Fern Snow and Loretta Blacktooth, and we journeyed down for the funeral. Away from the main highway, cupped in by surrounding mountains Pala has a tradition entirely its own. They are not worried there about outside affairs; they are like one big family—and a happy one at that. The services affected me strangely: they were so unique—and so Catholic. One custom they hold to in Pala is placing the collection box on the floor by the head of the corpse. All the friends of the deceased come up after Mass and place their mite in this box as an offering for Masses for the repose of the soul of the dead person. Another custom is to sing the Sanctus in Spanish. An old Indian takes it up and the others join in the refrain. It is very devotional and very saddening too, for it recalls the days before the white man came when the Indians had their own little privileges and consolations—their Mass with their favorite hymns and prayers, their fiestas, their innocent amusements. But now it is so different. The Indian

feels himself an outcast, a pariah in the land that once was his, and—worst of all—we have broken his spirit. Instead of trying to christianize the Indian we have tried to civilize him. The result has been disastrous.

I was asked to give the last absolution and say a few words of comfort to the mourners. I began by mentioning that Ignatia was always anxious to come to Pala and I wondered why a child who had every attention in the Government hospital should desire to go where medical attention and assistance were harder to obtain—I wondered until I came down the slope of the hill and Pala lay like a white flower at my feet, until I saw the mist like a benediction hanging above the hamlet, until I saw the peace and quiet that reigned there, —the men at their tasks in the fields, and nature doing her part too—the little brook singing on its way to the sea, the birds singing their rosaries to the Creator. I wondered, but I wonder no longer; this was just the place for our little friend to end her brief span of years. The chapel was just the place Ignatia would have selected—a thick adobe pile with its wooden statues a couple of centuries old—a place rich in all the best traditions of her race. And once again I told them that I no longer wondered why Ignatia had come to Pala. Then I spoke of the music; they played all the simple hymns that my young friend used to sing here at the school, and I was going to tell them once more that it would have been just as Ignatia wanted. But then somehow, for an oldster, I did an unpardonable thing; my voice broke and—well I made a fool of myself. I can remember only the ending of that sermon. Between sobs I told them that the Mexican Government and the United States Government had usurped the land that once belonged to them; that the latter was trying to make what little reparation it could by educating their chil-

dren and partially providing for their wants, but that never again would this territory be theirs; but that there was another country that no man and no government could take from them—a country where there were no injustices, no partings, no tears, no deaths.

Kind reader, may we all meet the Prince and Ignatia in that far-off country beyond the star dust and the stars.

FINIS